

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1886.

No. 4.

## READ THIS!

No matter how trivial your property may be, if it is insurable, and liable to be lost or damaged by fire, there should be no hesitation about insuring it.

It is not only proper and necessary to insure against loss or damage by fire all property of a business character, but it is equally important to insure, for a proper proportion of its value, the dwelling-house, household furniture, family wearing apparel, and household effects generally, the stable, horses, carriages, and all property which contributes to pleasure or comfort.

Get superior care and prompt attention from  
**R. W. HILLIARD,**  
ARLINGTON OFFICE: 13 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.  
2 SWAN'S BLOCK.

### NOW for the Holidays!

If you are in want of any kind of  
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,  
CALL AT

**L. C. TYLER'S**

AND YOU CAN GET THEM.

If you are in want of any Men's or Boys'

Boats, Shoes or Rubbers,

Arctic, Over Shoes, Rubber Boots or a  
good, nice Rubber Coat, call at

**TYLER'S**

and get them. He will also show you a fresh  
lot of

**FANCY SLIPPERS,**

For Christmas or New Year.

**Ready-made Clothing!**

We can show you some nice Suits, Overcoats,  
Ulsters, Reefers, nice suits for Boys; and don't  
forget that we have a good stock of

**HATS, CAPS, GLOVES AND UMBRELLAS,**  
new lot, all kinds; also a good assortment of  
Trunks and Valises, all of which we should be  
very glad to show you.

Please call at the Old Corner Store,  
**Bank Building, Arlington.**

**ARLINGTON**

**Photograph Studio**

**ARTISTIC PICTURES.**

Having completed the fitting and furnishing of  
my new building on

**ARLINGTON AVENUE,**

opposite Broadway, I take pleasure in announc-  
ing my readiness to fill any call for

Artistic Photograph Pictures,  
and my ability to warrant satisfaction in all cases.

The best appliances known to the art of photog-  
raphy have been used in my outfit and the recep-  
tion, toilet and other rooms are neat, convenient  
and attractive. Parties interested are invited to  
call and examine specimens.

EDW. C. LITCHFIELD.  
The front door opens from the street—there  
are no stairs to climb.  
Arlington, Nov. 19, 1885.

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**SWAN'S BLOCK,**

**Arlington Avenue, Arlington.**

Office hours, 2 to 4, P. M.

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**PIANO TUNER,**

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Pianos Tuned and Repaired in best man-  
ner, at short notice. Apply to  
Order book at O. W. WHITTEMORE'S.

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**Carpenter and Builder,**

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Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and  
Plans for buildings as desired. Personal atten-  
tion to all orders. 25may6m

**Sylvester Stickney,**

**STOVES, RANGES,**

**FURNACES,**

Also a full and well selected assortment of

**KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,**

**HARDWARE, Etc.**

Which are offered at prices that defy competition

**Plumbing, Gas Fitting,**

**and Water Piping,**

executed in all its branches by experienced  
workmen.

**Arlington Ave.,**

**Arlington, Mass.**

### UTOPIA SKATING CLUB,

**ARLINGTON.**

Special Session

**MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 25.**

**EXHIBITION GAME**

—OF—

**POLO!**

When the Arlington boys will cross  
sticks with the PARIS TEAM of Boston.

This team has a record of fifty games  
won and five lost. Come and see what  
our boys can do with them.

**Admission Only 15 Cents.**

Game called at 8.20, sharp.

Admission to all League Games, 20 cts.

Skate Checks, 10 Cents.

**J. H. RUSSELL, Manager.**

**PURE**

**WHITE WHEAT MEAL**

**INSTEAD OF FLOUR**

**FOR BREAD!**

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recupercator.

Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

**Facts Are Stubborn Truths.**

Flour is the only impoverished food used by  
mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of  
the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving  
the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we  
find that in 100 parts of substance—

Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;  
Flour has an ash of 4.1 parts—an impoverishment  
of over three-quarters.

Flour 3.4 parts of Phosphoric Acid, an im-  
poverishment of about three-quarters.

Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 soda;  
Flour 0.1 Lime and 0.1 Soda—an impoverish-  
ment of five-sixths Lime and Soda each.

Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no sulphur.

Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no  
Sulphuric Acid.

Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

**Regimen and Diet.**

Every effort of the mind or movement of a mus-  
cle involves the expenditure, or waste, of  
nervous energy and vitality, in proportion to  
the magnitude of the effort; these wasted products  
pass off with effete substances from the body,  
while recuperation is effected by nutrition. The  
loss of Physical force by using Common Flour is  
immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

**Arlington Wheat Meal,**

(Made from all the Wheat)

A perfect food for Children, making  
them strong and vigorous—also  
imparts strength to the aged.

**Arlington Wheat Meal**

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings  
of the wheat are the Phosphates which go con-  
stitute bone and muscle, and materially assist di-  
gestion by causing the rapid decomposition of  
the food. It is in this way the phosphates in  
ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL

act, giving new power and strength to the system.

**Beware of Imitations.**

For sale by Grocers everywhere.

**Frost & Adams,**

**37 Cornhill,**

**Boston, Mass.,**

Importers of and dealers in

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**Art Novelties,**

**Draughtmen's Supplies, Etc.**

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Manufacturers' agents for TUCKER & GREEN'S  
Oil Colors. Send for illustrated catalogue.  
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Agents Wanted for our charming New Book,  
"SOME NOTED PRINCIPLES, AUTHORS AND  
STATESMEN OF OUR TIME."

By 30 of our best writers—Canon Farrer, Jas. T.  
Fleiss, Jas. Parson, Dickens' daughter and oth-  
ers. Over 50 fine portraits and engravings. "The  
book is brimming over with choice and rare  
things."—N. Y. Observer. Intelligent young men  
and ladies can have permanent employment. A  
few General Agents wanted. Apply to  
THE HENRY BILL, PUB. CO., Norwich, Ct.  
27nov3m

### Vital Statistics—Where the Money Goes.

We have interrupted the Town Clerk and Treasurer in the preparation of his  
annual reports long enough to gather the following items of interest to our readers,  
and present them in advance of the issuance of the printed book.

Whole number of marriages, 54; both parties American born, 19; both foreign,  
23; American and foreign, 12. Oldest married person, 46; youngest, 17. First  
marriage of 101 persons; second marriage of 7 persons.

Whole number of births, 125—males, 73; females, 52. American parentage, 51;  
foreign parentage, 54; mixed parentage, 20.

Whole number of deaths, 95—males, 51; females, 44. American parentage, 43;  
foreign parentage, 44; mixed parentage, 8; with an average age of 34 years 5  
months 9 days. Consumption leads the list of diseases with 17, and scarlet fever  
comes next, there having been 11 deaths from this cause.

There were licenses issued for 245 dogs.

The following shows the expenditures of the town for all purposes during the  
past year, together with the unexpended balances, etc.:

	Amount of Appropriation.	Amount Expended.	Exceeding Appropriation.	Unexpended Balances.
Alms-house,	\$ 1,600 00	\$ 1,453 05		\$146 95
Cemetery,	1,100 00	802 81		297 19
Cemetery wall,	125 00	135 90	\$ 10 90	
Council fees,	400 00	220 00		180 00
Decoration day,	125 00	125 00		
Drinking fountains,	200 00	200 00		
Discounts and abatements,	4,500 00	4,611 34	111 34	
Fire department,	2,500 00	2,063 71		436 29
Highways and bridges,	11,000 00	11,304 04		195 96
Sidewalks,	500 00	1,192 39		7 61
Incidentals,	1,200 00	157 45		42 55
Insurance,	200 00	3,341 28	341 28	
Interest on town debt,	3,000 00	10,000 00		
Interest on water debt,	10,000 00	10,000 00		
*Library,	2,725 40	2,303 09		422 31
*Outside poor,	2,460 00	2,458 64		1 36
Police,	3,000 00	2,851 77		148 23
Schools,	22,057 87	20,820 73		1,237 14
Salaries,	3,000 00	8,000 00		
*Sinking fund,	16,151 95	16,151 95		
Soldiers' monument,	2,500 00	175 00		2,325 00
Street hydrants,	1,000 00	1,000 00		
Street lamps,	3,500 00	3,390 19		109 81
State aid,	913 00	606 00		307 00
\$ Town debt,	21,000 00	21,000 00		
Town house,	1,273 25	355 24		918 01
Town scales,	150 00	190 05	190 05	
Telephones,	176 05	86 70		63 30
Water-works—Gray street,		172 75		3 30
*Jason street,		600 00	600 00	
Laying pipes,	800 00	800 00		
Balance unexpended,			5,588 44	
Totals,	\$117,157 52	\$111,569 08	\$6,842 01	\$6,842 01

\* This amount includes dog tax, balance brought forward, and Pratt fund, the balance  
amount raised by taxation being \$1,500.

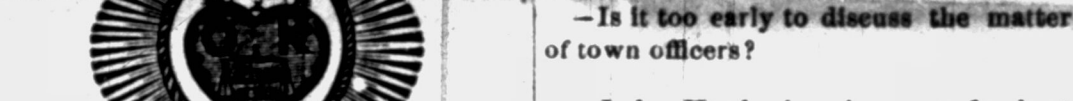
† Four hundred and sixty dollars of this came from the Poor Widows' fund.

‡ Only \$5,000 of this amount was raised by taxation; balance from the previous year.

\$ This all came from the sinking fund.

|| Taken from unexpended balances.

### JAMES PYLE'S



**PEARLINE**  
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.  
SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZ-  
INGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.

No family, rich or poor should be without it.  
Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the  
ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and  
always bears the above symbol, and name of  
JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

**ELMER A. WINSHIP,**

**Upholsterer & Furniture Repairer.**

Will answer all calls for work at houses, and  
am sure of giving satisfaction. Samples of  
goods furnished. Cane chairs, 60 cents; patent  
seat, 50 cents.

**P. O. BOX 395, ARLINGTON.**

**A. H. POTTER & CO.,**

**Watchmakers and Jewelers,**

IMPORTERS OF

**DIAMONDS & PRECIOUS STONES**

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**A. H. POTTER.**

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**Just Published, entitled**

**THIRTY YEARS A DETECTIVE**

BY ALLAN PINKERTON.

Containing a thorough and comprehensive exposé  
of Criminal Practices of all Grades and Classes,  
with Numerous Episodes of Personal Experience  
in the Detection of Criminals, covering a  
period of Thirty Years Active Detective  
Life and embracing many intensely interesting  
and thrilling Detective Sketches.

An entirely new book, profusely illustrated,  
and with Portrait of the Great Detective.

**AGENTS WANTED!**

In every town there are numbers of people who  
will be glad to get this book. It sells to ic-  
chant, Mechanics, Farmers and Professionals.  
Thus every Agent can pick out fifty or more in  
a town to whom he can feel sure of selling it to.

We want One Agent in every township, or  
county. \$3 Any person, with this book, can  
become a successful Agent. For full particulars  
and terms to agents, address

G. W. CARLTON & CO., Publishers, New York.

—Medical Examiner Holt has hired the  
Cobb house, on Mystic street.

—Revs. Watson and Mason exchanged  
pulpits on Sunday last, and were listened  
to with marked pleasure.

—Arlington has been well represented  
on the Medford road during the sleighing  
season we have enjoyed.

—We notice that the ice company has  
staked off Spy Pond preparatory to gather-  
ing the annual crop.

—We have a fine new house for sale.  
It contains all the modern improvements,  
is charmingly located, and will be sold  
on favorable terms.

—For several evenings our main thor-  
oughfare has resounded to the merry  
sounds of sleighing parties. The drive  
through Arlington would seem to be a  
favorite.

—The death of Charles Cahill was very  
sudden. He went to Boston on Thurs-  
day, as usual, but the next day was at-  
tacked with pneumonia, and only sur-  
vived three days.

—The noise of the skaters on Spy  
Pond, engaged in playing "hockey" and  
other noisy games, was annoying to most  
of the people in the neighborhood, and  
ought not to have been allowed.

—At the entertainment by the Six Odd  
Associates, to be given in Town Hall on  
the evening of Feb. 3, they will present,  
in addition to the talent already an-  
nounced, Mr. E. H. Frye, a popular  
humorist, and Mr. T. P. Ryder, accom-  
panist.

—The death of Mr. John Scannel re-  
moves a man familiar to most of our  
people, as for years he had charge of the  
horse car stables in Arlington. He was  
father of Mr. Charles T. Scannel, of the  
Selectmen. The funeral occurred on  
Monday and was numerously attended.

—A small space on Spy Pond that  
chanced to be open when the snow fell a  
week ago last Saturday has afforded  
pleasure to large numbers of skaters, as  
the ice which formed after the snow  
ceased offered a perfect skating surface.  
The snow which fell Tuesday morning  
spoiled it at first, but the rain which fol-  
lowed improved it.

—The W. C. T. U. has favorably con-  
sidered the proposition to have the next  
reunion of the Red Ribbon Reform  
Clubs of Massachusetts held in Town  
Hall, in Arlington. It is proposed to  
have it as nearly as possible on the tenth  
anniversary of the formation of the Ar-  
lington Reform Club, which occurred on  
the 28th day of March, 1876. We believe  
the necessary funds will be readily se-  
cured.

—Last Tuesday morning, while at  
work on Mr. Norton's house on Jason  
street, Mr. James Baston slipped on the  
roof of the bay window and fell to the  
ground, striking on his feet. He caught  
partially on the staging and broke the  
force of the fall somewhat, or else he  
would have been seriously injured. As  
it was he sprained one foot, and has  
since been suffering from that and the  
jar he sustained.

—The adjourned meeting of Arlington  
Orthodox Congregational church was  
held Monday evening, when Charles K.  
Crane was chosen clerk, E. Walter Hill-  
ard treasurer, George H. Rugg auditor,  
Messrs. Easton and Mills to represent  
the church on the standing committee.

The matter of choosing additional de-  
acons was referred to the pastor and de-  
acons, with instructions to report four  
names to be voted for at an adjourned  
meeting to be held on the evening of  
Feb. 5, when two additional deacons will  
be chosen. The standing committee was  
instructed to report a more specific  
church rule in regard to official church  
meetings. The meeting stands adjourned  
to Friday evening, Feb. 5th.

—A goodly number were present at the  
entertainment and supper given by the  
Ladies Guild in the church at the Heights  
last Wednesday evening. After supper a  
very pleasing entertainment, arranged by  
the young people, was given in the au-  
dience room. The following is the pro-  
gramme:—

Piano solo, "A Merry Peal," Mr. Ar-  
thur Hurd; reading, "The Destruction  
of Heracleum," Miss Lottie Feakins;  
tenor solo, "Palm Branches," Mr. H. B.  
Bean; reading, "The Legend of Brez-  
et," Miss Gertrude Dwyer; piano  
duet, (selected), Miss Eva Sylvester,  
Miss Jennie Brockway, "Guide Me! O!  
Thou Great Jehovah," by quartette.

—A sociable will be given by the Wo-  
man's Auxiliary of St. John's Parish, in  
the smaller part of the town house, on  
Thursday evening, Jan. 28th. The soci-  
able will begin at eight o'clock. There  
will be during the evening a concert  
under the direction of Mr. Henry Tatch-  
er, and a supper will follow. Tickets  
may be had at the door.

—The subject of the di-course Sunday  
evening at the Pleasant Street Congrega-  
tional church will be "The Narrow Way,  
and Hill of Difficulty," in Pilgrim's Pro-  
gress.

—The Sunday school concert at the  
Baptist church vestry, last Sunday even-  
ing, was largely attended and thoroughly  
enjoyable and profitable as well. Mr.  
Marston, of Somerville, who made the  
principal address, proved to be one of the  
most entertaining talkers to children ever  
engaged by those having charge, and all  
will long have a pleasant remembrance  
of his evening with them. The musical  
part of the programme was appropriate  
and effective as usual. No school in  
Arlington furnishes such good music for  
the friends who come to participate in  
their exercises.

—The third polo game of the season  
between the Marlboros and Arlington  
was played in the home rink last Wednes-  
day evening, in the presence of a fair  
audience, and they had the pleasure of  
witnessing one of the best games of the  
season, as an exhibition of polo playing.  
Frank Daniels took Bailey's place as first  
rusher and in three of the four goals  
played he was the first to start the ball  
from the spot. He was well backed by  
the other members of the team, but what  
of luck there is in the game was against  
them and the visitors won first, third and  
fourth goals. The second was the long-  
est and most hotly contested of all, occu-  
pying seven minutes and twenty seconds,  
and the ball was finally caged by Ross,  
who played cover-point. The goals won  
by the Marlboros were taken in 3.20,  
2.30 and 1.10 respectively, in the order  
named. The playing time was a little  
over fourteen minutes, there were four  
fouls called on Marlboros, and Mr.  
Swan, of Boston, acted as referee.

—The series of lectures under the man-  
agement of the Unity Club were well in-  
augurated on the evening of Jan. 14th,  
when Rev. James Kay Applebee gave  
his deservedly popular talk on "Heroic  
deeds of unheroic people," the charac-  
ters being selected from the works of  
Charles Dickens. The genius of Dickens  
is shown in the fact that these can be  
used as types of manhood and woman-  
hood, and that those not at all familiar  
with the writings of Dickens can easily  
and pleasantly follow the lecturer. Mr.  
Applebee is a fluent talker and firm be-  
liever in the genius of his chosen author  
and has made him a life study. The  
lecture abounded in valuable hints as to  
paths to be chosen in life and also  
abounded in danger signals to mark  
where pitfalls lay. Last evening Mr.  
Applebee gave a remarkably interesting  
biographical sketch of Oliver Goldsmith,  
abounding in anecdote and incident cal-  
culated to give his hearers a good view  
of this remarkable author and eccentric  
man. Next Thursday evening the course  
will be continued, with Douglas Jerrold  
as the subject.

### ARLINGTON Miniature Directory, 1886

#### TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Geo.  
D. Tufts, James A. Marden, Charles T. Scan-  
nell.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B.  
Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office  
hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open ev-  
enings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—William T. Winn,  
Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Tim-  
othy O'Leary, W. W. Rawson, Wm. E. Wood,  
Rev. Chas. H. Watson, James A. Bailey,  
Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., R. W. Hopkins.



For the last fifteen years, that is to say, since the siege of Paris in 1870, the consumption of horse flesh has steadily increased in the gay capital. What was then the food of necessity has now become one of the standard dishes of the table.

They have at last invented something new, albeit very gruesome, in the way of a circus performance in Europe. It appears that the latest freak of female circus riders there is to hold a living python outstretched in their hands as they swing around the sawdust. Front seats are not at a premium.

The dogs are having a hard time of it. If they should rise in their might, all get mad and attack their present enemy, man, the chances would be in their favor at first. A well-known dog fancier in New York sent to a paper the following statistics concerning the number of canines in and near the metropolis: New York city, 300,000; Brooklyn, 150,000; Long Island City and Blissville, 10,000; Westchester county, 50,000; Hoboken and suburbs, 15,000; Jersey City and suburbs, 15,000; Newark and suburbs, 150,000; Staten Island, 20,000.

Aged and able old horses are the result of human care and usage. This is exemplified from an English source as follows: "A gentleman had three horses, which severally died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding-school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of an English navigation company is declared to have been in his 63d year when he died."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has been compiling some interesting figures concerning the number of prisoners in the country now serving terms for embezzlement or forgery. These statistics reveal the somewhat surprising fact that New York prisons contain only seven. Ohio, on the other hand, has sixty-two; Kansas, forty-four; Indiana, thirty; Massachusetts, twenty-six, and New Jersey, eighteen. The natural pride that a New Yorker should take in such a condition of affairs is rudely shocked by the Troy Times, which says that New York "financiers" are not punished; they go to Canada.

The average man knows, perhaps, a score of insects familiarly by name; he has more or less knowledge, perhaps, of a hundred, and he sees in these a wonderful variety of forms and colors. But the resources of nature are vastly greater than any one realizes who has not made a special study of some branch of natural history. Think of Dr. Riley's collection, of North-American insects, which is said to contain 20,000 species, represented by more than 115,000 pinned specimens, and others preserved in alcohol or by other methods. He has given this collection to the National museum, where all who care to do so may study the fruits of his labor.

A traveler in New Mexico gives a glowing description of the country through which a new road passes, and tells of the Seven Cities of the Chaco valley what almost reads like the romantic explorations of the members of the Smithsonian Institute. He says that there are to-day in that valley ruins of large buildings five stories high, and some of them in such an excellent state of preservation that the masonry and plastering are looking as new and fresh as though done but a few years instead of centuries ago. These buildings are popularly supposed to be of Aztec origin, but, strange to say, there is at present no historical account of them or of their builders.

As to the silver wedding and golden wedding most of us know about those anniversaries; but here now is something new in the same pleasant line—a bit about a crown-diamond wedding. The crown-diamond anniversary is the sixty-fifth, and such an anniversary was observed a short time ago at Macebuel, in the Island of Alsen. Having completed their sixty-fifth year of wedlock, Claus Jacobsen and his venerable spouse were solemnly blessed by the parson of their parish, and went for the fifth time in their long wedded life through the form of mutual troth-plighting before the altar as which they had for the first time been united before the battle of Waterloo was fought. The united age of the couple is 178 years.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English registrar-general. In each 1,000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103.5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially noticeable in women up to forty-five, and in men to thirty-five. The mean expectation of life of a male at birth is 41.35, and of a female 44.63 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

"Cranmer, of Colorado," as he is popularly called, is probably the most extensive cattle-raiser in the world. His cattle are all branded with three circles, the three-circle brand he calls it. Once he was at a cattle convention, and while conversing with a party of friends one of them happened to mention the name of Shakespeare. "Shakespeare?" observed Cranmer, "where have I heard that name before? What kind of a brand does he use on his cattle?"

The question of insanity and its greater or less prevalence to-day as compared with former times, appears to be far from settled. The fact that cases which were considered hopeless fifty years ago are now often cured means that persons who would have died under the treatment then without the knowledge ever becoming general that their complaints were of the brain rather than the body are now added to the table of statistics as lunatics. The great increase in the number and perfection of asylums also swells the number of the recorded insane and aids in complicating any attempt to judge whether the brain troubles are really, as it is often asserted, on the increase among civilized nations.

Speaking of how ocean steamship companies are annually defrauded, an officer of one of them says in an interview: "Every person who has ever crossed the Atlantic has noticed several elegantly attired gentlemen who at times would wander haughtily among the steerage passengers, condescend to converse with the intermediate people, and on fine days invariably promenade the hurricane deck. No one knew who they were; no one had ever seen them eat anything, and the passengers, one and all, discussed the mystery of 'where those fellows hung it out every night!' Well, these same gentlemen obtain all this freedom and luxury by simply buying a steerage ticket and boarding during the voyage in either the carpenter's or boatswain's room."

The telephone has become an indispensable means of communication between the civilized countries of the old and new world, and to show the use each country is making of the invention the following table is given:

Germany.....	13,000
England, over.....	12,000
France, about.....	10,000
Italy.....	7,000
Sweden.....	11,000
Switzerland.....	5,000
Spain, estimated.....	1,100
Holland.....	4,000
Belgium.....	5,000
Russia.....	3,000
Austro-Hungary.....	4,500

By way of comparison it may be of interest to add that the number of telephones now in use in the United States is estimated at 250,000.

The Iowa courts have made an important decision regarding the civil rights of colored people. A negro who was refused admission to a place of amusement because of his color appealed to the law, when the circuit court held that it did not appear from the averments that plaintiff had any legal right to enter the place of amusement. The supreme court affirms this ruling and says: "The act complained of by the plaintiff was the withdrawal by the defendants, as to him, of the offer which they had made to admit him, or to contract with him for admission. They had the right to do this, as to him or any other member of the public. This right is not based upon the fact that he belongs to a particular race, but arises from the consideration that neither he nor any other person could demand as a right under the law that the privilege of entering the place be accorded to him."

#### Reaching Great Depths.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar which extends below the ball touches the earth, the sling unhooked and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—Independent.

#### Agreeably Settled.

Together in the gloaming they stood, the loving pair.  
A charming Boston school man and a youth of sheepish air.  
He whispered, "Dearest maiden, I love you as my life,  
And ask you, as I've asked before, will you become my wife?"  
"Dear John," the maiden answered, I love you, you is true,  
But ere I answer, there's a question I would put to you:  
Are you willing I should rule the house when I become your wife?  
If not, then, John, apart must lie my path and yours in life.  
For, being a disciple of the Lucy Blackwell school,  
I'm firmly of opinion that the woman ought to rule."  
John laughed and said: "Just as you will; I know you won't be cross;  
So long as you become my wife I care not who's the boss."  
"Tis well," the maiden whispered, "I know we will not quarrel,  
Though I insist on wearing the bifurcated apparel."  
—Boston Courier.

DISTANCE.  
On softening days, when a storm was near,  
At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray,  
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,  
The sound of a train, passing, far away.  
The warning bell when the start was made,  
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,  
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—  
Across the miles between.  
And so sometimes, on a moonless night,  
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,  
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,  
Come the trembling voices of long ago  
The tuneful echoes when hope was young.  
The tender song of love serene,  
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—  
Across the years between.  
—Margaret W. Hamilton.

#### MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that its a piece of impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's raising and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour.

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisp under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the struggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs and sent them ringing together with such an icy jeweled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life: the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snowflake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his. "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtail and crowfoot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old feeling about you. You must forgive me if I cannot help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muf was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I can help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crowfoot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time—but to-day's in-gatherings I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it.

"Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—he was always so quick to understand—for he

said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it to you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the naked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and dark across the white.

"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought—though I wonder who it could be, walking."

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance."

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; if I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gray smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere:

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea blue—"

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too, then: the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her very slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty; and you were so very impetuous at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss at introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of his friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away to Vienna to live. But first I died; for one must die—must not one?—to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little scrawling deathbed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fanny, Brian? Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know."

He interrupted her, hoarse with passion: "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were not just what my stepfather and I quarreled about! After dear mamma died—she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come

and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—"he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life my own way; but after she was gone, the steppapa became just a little difficult. And so—Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon—"

There he broke off huskily. He had not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow, which the waning sunset cast between us.

But—how I had the strength I do not know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some people who never onflow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward. And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now."

Our hands met for an instant—not our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone.

My day was over; twilight darkened in window, grey and blank.

And after twilight?

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary fireside to-night has set me thinking of all this. It says:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."—Harper's Weekly.

#### The Case of Joseph Meister.

By the application of this method, says M. Pasteur in the Popular Science Monthly, I had succeeded in getting fifty dogs, of various ages and races, proof against rabies without having had a single failure, when, on the 6th of July last, three persons from Alsace unexpectedly presented themselves at my laboratory. Theodore Vone, a grocer at Meisengott, near Scheldstadt, who had been bitten in the arm on the 4th of July by his own dog, became mad; Joseph Meister, nine years of age, who had been bitten by the same dog at 8 o'clock in the morning of the same day, and who, thrown to the ground by the dog, bore the marks of numerous bites on his hands, legs, and thighs, some of them so deep as to make walking hard for him. The more serious wounds had been cauterized only twelve hours after the accident, or at 8 o'clock in the evening of the same day, with phenic acid, by Dr. Weber, of Ville; the third person who had not been bitten, was the mother of Joseph Meister.

At the autopsy of the dog, which had been killed by its master, we found its stomach filled with hay, straw and pieces of wood. It was certainly mad. Joseph Meister had been picked up from under it covered with froth and blood. M. Vone had marked bruises on his arms, but he assured me that the dog's teeth had not gone through his shirt. As he had nothing to fear, I told him he might go back to Alsace the same day, and he did so; but I kept little Meister and his mother.

The weekly meeting of the Academy of Sciences took place on the 6th of July. I saw our associate, Dr. Vulpian, there, and told him what had passed. He and Dr. Grancher, professor in the Ecole de Medicine, had the kindness to come and see little Joseph Meister at once, and ascertain his condition and the number of his wounds, of which there were no less than fourteen. The opinion of these two physicians was that, in consequence of the severity and number of the bites upon him, Joseph Meister was almost certain to have hydrophobia. It then informed them of the new results which I had obtained in the study of rabies since the address I had delivered at Copenhagen a year previously. The death of this child seeming inevitable, I decided, not without considerable and deep anxiety, as you may imagine, to try upon him the method with which I had had constant success on dogs.

#### A Lucky Confectioner.

A German confectioner, while tramping through Turkey a short time ago, saluted the Sultan vigorously as the latter drove past. Unaccustomed to such an exhibition of cordiality, one of the sultan's officers thought it best to inquire if it had any significance. His explanation proving satisfactory and his innocence clear, and the avowal of his avocation, moreover, creating evident interest, the man was dismissed with a present and an injunction to turn up the next day with a clean skin and new clothes. The result of the second interview was that the confectioner was set to making pastry, and his success was so complete that he was engaged right off at a salary of 500 piasters per month. The pastry found its way to the sultan's table, and his highness was so pleased with it that he made the stranger his confectioner at once, with 1,000 piasters a month for making tarts.

A new industry has sprang up at New Orleans. Heads of large fish are dried, mounted and sold for table and mantel ornaments.

BE KIND.  
Oh, be kind to those who love you!  
Grieve no human love away!  
Twine it tenderly about you,  
Let it bless you day by day,  
Tho' the sunlight now may dazzle,  
Life has many a clouded sky;  
Hoard your treasures of affection,  
You will need them by and by.  
Oh! be kind to those who love you!  
Give them gladness while you may!  
Here to-day, to-morrow's sunrise  
May behold them pass away.  
Lavish love on all around you;  
Smiles and sunshine freely strew;  
And, like bread upon the waters,  
They will yet return to you.  
—Lillie Sheldon, in Inter-Ocean.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A smart boy—Just after a whipping.  
Even the honest farmer will water his stock.—Call.

Better an empty head than one with a cold in it.—Life.

There is one thing that is always pretty sound about a church, and that is the bell.

No man should complain about his lot—unless it be a lot of old rubbish.—Hot Springs News.

A philosopher says that the best way to avoid getting into debt is to die young.—Boston Budget.

THIRTY-TWO DEGREES.  
The way to school the small boy hateth.  
On learning, turns his back, and skateth.  
—Life.

If a passion, like love, grows by what it feeds upon, there is no doubt the wish is fodder to the thought.—New Orleans Picayune.

It costs \$10,000 to convert a South Sea cannibal to Christianity, and then he is only worth \$9 a week in a dime show.—Fall River Advance.

IN CANADA.  
The firelight dances on the walls,  
My heart throbs with love's elation,  
When like a cat my darling squalls—  
"Ouch! dear, don't squeeze my vaccination!"  
—Burdette.

"I want the music of the 'Mikado,'" said a little boy, entering a New York music store. "For singing, or for the piano?" "I don't want it for either, I want it for my sister."—Siftings.

Dio Lewis says that we busy, high pressure "Americans" should go to bed at 9 and rise at 5. Such things make us tired. How can a man get out of bed four hours before he lies down?—Brooklyn Eagle.

We see by the burning of a cigar store in Chicago nearly a million cigars were smoked up at one sitting. Did it make anybody sick? you ask. You bet, simple one. It made the owner of the store sick.—Burdette.

Another of the old settlers is gone. We had a piece of him at our landlady's table this morning. Immediately beneath the epidemic formation from his back we found a piece of eggshell, bearing the legend, "Laid 1849."—St. Paul Herald.

A standard target for American riflemen has just been adopted by the clubs of the United States, which have had the matter under discussion for several months. We hope it is large enough to protect the indiscreet cows and pigs that wander about the various ranges.—Boston Post.

#### A Great Hop Field.

A Tacoma (Wyoming Territory) correspondent of the Cleveland Leader says: "At the rear of the house appeared to me a rare scene. Here stood acres of hop-vines, wonderfully luxuriant in growth, and falling in rich brown festoons from poles eighteen or twenty feet in height. From these masses of vines not a single hop had been picked this year, and they were now laden with their scaly fruitage. From the leafy crown on each pole dripped a shower of glistening drops, producing all over the field a ringing pit-pat as they touched the ground, while above them, exhaled under the increasing heat of the sun, rose thin clouds of shining vapor. On every hand tall trees hemmed the clearing in. There were only two dwellings in sight. One of these stood across the river slightly obscured by mist. As everybody knows, the excessive dampness of the sound country is due to its position between the Great Sea and the Cascade Mountains. The vapors exhaled from the ocean, not being able, as they roll inland, to surmount these mighty summits, are turned back, condensed and precipitated to the earth in plentiful rains, fogs and mists."

"I have said that from these sixty-three acres of hops not a bale has been marketed this season, nor will be. 'Why is that?' Simply because the price of hops this year at the picking season was too low to pay for harvesting. The owner had sunk several thousand dollars in the cultivation of his crop. The picking and curing would add several thousands more to the amount, and, as he believed, from the tendency of the market, would put nothing in his pocket. So he let the acid fruit hang. Further along the season it will fall to the ground and the money with it. Next spring both will be plowed under, the combination forming one of the most unique fertilizers ever employed. It turned out, however, when too late to harvest, that the market improved a little, enough so that something like \$2,000 might have been put in bank had the ingathering taken place. Last year's crop on those same acres sold for nearly \$14,000. From this statement may be formed some idea of the loss sustained the present season."

"The average yield of hops per acre in any of these extremely fertile valleys is from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. In specially favored locations it amounts up to 3,000 pounds, while on thin soils it may drop to 1,000."

#### Bull against Buck.

A remarkable fight occurred recently on the farm of the Hon. Oscar Turner in Ballard county between a large Durham bull, belonging to Col. Turner, and a buck weighing over 200 pounds. Both were found in the forest dead, only a few feet apart. The bull had been gored three times by the buck, the last thrust entering the animal's heart, and must have killed him almost instantly. The deer was dreadfully bruised, though the skin had not been cut through. The ground where the fight occurred was cut up by the feet of the animals.—Louisville Post.



## A GREAT ARMY OF SEALS.

MILLIONS OF THEM FOUND ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

**Habits of the Seals—Mothers Teaching Their Young With Tender Solicitude—Fiercious Males.**

In the Greenland seas the seals spend the two or three summer months, and as early winter sets in with September they begin their Southern migrations, keeping ahead of the ice as it forms, and moving toward the coast of Labrador, feeding in its flocks and bays as they move. Small detachments lead the way, like pioneers, and behind them moves the great army in one continuous mass. It occupies days in passing certain points, and appears to fill the seas as far as the eye can reach, impressing the beholder with an idea of the vast number of seals on whose ranks the hunters have for more than eighty years been making systematic onslaughts, without apparent reduction of the supply. Onward the great army marches, driven from behind by the fast forming ice, past the straits of Belle Isle, past Newfoundland, to the Grand Banks, their Southern headquarters, just as the Greenland seas are their summer homes. Here they feast upon swarms of fish till the beginning of February, when they begin their retreat northward to the very ice they have just escaped, and there, upon the great ice argosies descending upon the Arctic currents, they bring forth their young in February.

A Newfoundland law forbids sailing vessels to depart for the seal hunt before the 1st of March, and the steamers are not allowed until the 10th of that month.

The vessels arrive when the baby seals, or "white coats," are three or four weeks old, still dependent upon their mother for subsistence, and unable to escape from the hunters. Their bodies are covered with a very thick layer of fat, and they are far preferable, for this reason, to the older seals. When the baby is six weeks old it drops its yellowish white coat, and becomes a "ragged coat," and at this stage they begin to "dip," or take to the water. It is very amusing to watch a mother seal trying to teach a young one to swim properly. Just as the eagle stirs up her young and encourages them to use their wings, so the mother seals tumble the babies into the water and give them swimming lessons.

The old seal pushes the little one along toward the edge of the ice, the baby all the while whimpering and sobbing and vainly trying to resist the steady pressure from behind. When at last it falls into the water it sobs so piteously that even the mother is ashamed of herself and helps her dear offspring back upon the ice. Every few hours this is repeated, and soon the young can swim and dive, and then the vast nursery disappears. When they are in danger from rafting ice or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore flippers and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch their offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cradled on the ice the mothers remain in the neighborhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open, and prevent them freezing over. On returning from a fishing excursion extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "whitecoats" are scattered in myriads over the ice field. During the absence of the mother the ice field has shifted in position, perhaps many miles, being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return to find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcass instead of their whimpering little ones.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seals—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The first and the last are comparatively rare, and when taken are of little commercial importance. The harp seal—the seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad, curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger and more ferocious than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates his hood so as to cover his face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, unless he is shot in the side of the head and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull. The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are generally found further from the shore on the ice fields, and also, further to the north. The two species are never found together, unless mingled by some convulsion of the ice. The male and female hood are generally found together, and it is a rule among hunters to kill the male first, and if they fall in this, and kill the female, the "dog becomes furious, inflates his hood, wags his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance is now terrific, and, with uncouth floundering leaps, he rushes on his foe with tremendous fury. Instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog-hood and five or six men has lasted an hour, and sometimes a hunter is fearfully torn and even killed in the encounter; this, of course, only happening when the space is limited in which to fight this monster. They have been known to seize the handspikes with which the hunters were beating them and wrench them from their strong grasp with a giant strength.

It is related that on one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of hoods and imprudently killed the female. The "dog" immediately inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs till nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened both. A list desperate resource one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood ready for the emergency. Drawing his jackknife he by a well-planted blow into the inflated hood. Instantly the air escaped, the shield was rendered useless, and a blow or two on the nose from the gaff of the other dispatched him.—*New York Sun.*

### Congressmen's Lost Limbs.

Something was said in this correspondence about the battle-scarred head of a member from North Carolina, Colonel Colwell. A deep furrow in the top of his well-shaped head shows to the down-lookers in the gallery how a sabre cut nearly ended his life in the terrible battle in front of Petersburg. He was twice wounded during the war, once through the body in the battle of Mine Run in '63 and again in '65 at Petersburg. Two of his colleagues from North Carolina also received wounds in the Confederate service—General Cox and Mr. T. D. Johnston, who is still an invalid from three desperate wounds received at Malvern Hill, and which nearly cost him his life. Ohio has some battle-scarred veterans who fought on the other side. General Warner, of silver fame, was severely wounded at Antietam. Lieutenant Thompson, of the Twelfth Ohio district, received wounds during his service in a Pennsylvania regiment, which were so severe as to require him to withdraw from the army. Congressman Brown, of Cincinnati, lost his left leg in front of Atlanta, but refused to let that end his duties, serving as provost marshal while recovering from his wounds, and subsequently receiving promotions in honor of "gallant and meritorious service." Gen. Bingham, of Philadelphia, who represents the first Pennsylvania district, still suffers from an old wound received at Gettysburg. Congressman Jackson, of the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania district, bears evidence of his service in a wound received at Corinth. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, lost his right leg in the Confederate service at Brandy Station in 1863, but uses his artificial leg so well that you would scarcely suspect its presence. Mr. Aiken, of the same State, was so badly shot through the lungs at Antietam that his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered and continued in the Confederate service until nearly the close of the war. Mr. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, was several times wounded, as was also his colleague, Congressman Cabell, of the same State. John Warwick Daniel, of Virginia, who was elected Senator on the day that he was sworn in a member of the House, walks with crutches as the result of his battle experience. Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, who has enjoyed the reputation of being the youngest Senator, received a wound while a mere boy in the Confederate service. Congressman Baker, of New York, was disabled at the first battle of Bull Run. So was Congressman Haynes, of New Hampshire. Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, was so severely wounded at Lovejoy Station as to prevent his further war service. Mr. Crutcheon of the Ninth Michigan district, was twice wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, but on recovery resumed service, which continued to the end of the war. Congressman Stone, of Kentucky, gave a leg to the Confederate service and now walks with a crutch instead. The Hon. Thomas Ryan, who represents the fourth Kansas district, was so badly wounded at the battle of the Wilderness as to require his retirement from the Union service. Congressman Henderson, of Iowa lost a leg in the Union service. Colonel Morrison, of Illinois was shot through the lungs in one of the battles of the war, and was laid upon the same bed occupied by General Logan, who was wounded in the same battle. Colonel Davidson, of the first Florida district was wounded in '64 so that he was unable to render further service to the Confederacy. Senator Hawley received a wound in the Union service. So did Senator Miller of California; so did Congressman Symes of Colorado; so did Congressman Herbert of Alabama, in the Confederate service, who was disabled at the battle of the Wilderness, and so did General Oates, also of that State, who received no less than six wounds, finally losing his right arm in front of Richmond in the twenty-seventh battle in which he was engaged.—*Nashville Union.*

### Useful in Many Ways.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and teapot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Preserved fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the jar, is laid directly over the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

### Acres of Sunflowers.

Very many of the spring chickens sold in this city are raised on sunflower seed. At many points in New Jersey there are chicken farms where chickens are raised by the thousand. Many receive their first start in life from the incubator, and when large enough are put on a diet of sunflower seeds, which are full of oil and are very fattening. The sunflower gives little trouble to the farmer, as it is a hardy plant and grows without cultivation. Some farmers plant three or four acres of sunflowers, and such fields have a surprisingly gaudy appearance. The perfume is sickening, but when turned into spring chicken the sunflower becomes a pleasant table ornament.—*New York Sun.*

## 'CHUGGING' FOR SUCKERS.

A UNIQUE PISCATORIAL DIVERSION IN THE BACKWOODS.

"Gaffing" the Squirmy Fish as they Swim Under a Hole in the Ice—Origin of the Sport.

A Dingman's Ferry, Penn., correspondent writes: A winter sport which seems to be peculiar to some parts of the Pike county backwoods has been occupying the time of such of the dwellers in the region as find pleasure in it. In the language of the backwoods, the recreation is called "chugging," and as no one can "chug" until the ponds are solidly frozen over the sport is entirely a winter one. It is a comparison to the more universal and higher sport of pickerel fishing with tip-ups and live bait through the ice, and although the chugger occasionally captures a pickerel or a perch as a prize they are not the game he seeks. His energy and skill are utilized in impaling the piebald sucker, a species of which, reaching an unusually large size, abounds in some of the mountain lakes that are numerous in this region.

To the person who sees for the first time a "chugging" party at the height of a day's sport on the lake the sight will be a novel and an amusing one. The water is so pure and transparent and their surface so generally unruined that the ice that forms on them becomes like a vast expanse of glass, so slippery that without ice creepers one cannot keep his feet upon it, and so clear that objects in the water are plainly visible through a foot's thickness of ice. The number in a party of chuggers may be without limit. No less than five or six should be in a group, however, to make it lively and exciting. Holes a foot or so in diameter are cut through the ice in line with one another, and five or six feet apart. One or more immense fires are built about on the ice to give an impression of warmth and cheerfulness to the surroundings. All but one of the chuggers take a position at a hole in the ice. They either have sharp creepers on their boots or a pair of skates of the fashion of thirty or forty years ago. Each plover at the holes has a stiff pole about four feet in length. On one end of this three or four good-sized fish-hooks are tied, with their backs to one another on the stick, making a formidable many-barbed gaff. One of the party stands a few feet away from the hole nearest the shore—the hole being cut close to the edge of the pond, where the suckers collect in great numbers. This person has either an axe or an iron-bound maul, such as are used for driving wedges. When all are ready the man with the axe or maul strikes the ice three or four times. The sharp "chug," starts the fish beneath the ice, and they shoot out in all directions, hundreds of them crowding together in schools, to escape from what they instinctively regard as impending disaster. They swim close to the ice, as they pass by the holes over which the fishermen stand the hooks are thrust down and as quickly drawn out, every time with a squirming sucker or two impaled on the hooks. The fish are thrown out on the ice, and the quick movements of the men along the line of holes and the immense numbers of fish that crowd along beneath them are sufficient to keep the air filled with suckers as they are cast from the hooks, for several minutes at a time. By the time the school has passed the ice will be covered with hundreds of the fish. They will average over a foot in length, and their meat is white, sweet and solid, but filled with bones as fine as hairs. The fish, after their fright is over, gradually work back again to the shore. The captured suckers are piled in one big heap on the ice after each man's catch is counted and commented on. Some of the chuggers are so skillful in handling the hooks that their movement with the pole up and down over their hole is as regular as clockwork, never missing a fish, and never touching their hands to one on removing it from the gaff, but detaching every one by dexterous jerks of the pole as it is drawn from the water. Pickerel, perch and other game fish are always in the rush of frightened suckers, but their movements are much more quicker and their intelligence so much greater than the sucker that it is seldom one of them is brought up on the gaff. Nevertheless, the largest pickerel ever caught in any of these mountain ponds was caught on the hook of an expert chugger named Shafer, a year or so ago. It weighed nearly eight pounds.

This simple but evidently exciting sport had its origin with one of the early settlers of this region, a pioneer named Drake. He settled in the Porter pond neighborhood, and one winter he was snow-bound with his family in his cabin, and was unable to get to the settlements in the Delaware valley to obtain needed supplies. The blockade remained unbroken so long that all that his larder contained was a small quantity of pickled pork. The ponds had not been stocked with pickerel in those days, but they contained trout. Drake fitted up two or three hooks and lines, scard the snow off of the ice for several yards around, cut the necessary holes, and, baiting his hooks with the only bate he could obtain, bits of fat pork, he began fishing in hope of capturing trout enough to keep the household going until the settlements could be reached. The salt pork did not seem to be a bait that tempted the particular appetites of the trout, and Drake fished from morning until late in the afternoon without getting a bite. He was about taking out his hook and going back to his house in despair when his son, a boy about 15 years old, came dragging into the cleared spot on the ice a pine knot, which he began to split up with his ax. Drake was stooping down over one of his holes in the ice and beginning to draw up his line when the boy began to chop. Immediately following the first stroke of the ax fish by the hundred went rushing past the hole in the ice. Drake was startled at first, but necessity quickened his wits, and drawing his line out he jerked the pork from the hook, dropped the bare hook down in the midst of the rushing fish, and sweeping it among them hooked one in the belly and drew it out on the ice. By this time the fish had ceased running. Drake hurriedly cut a stiff stick, took out his three hooks, and bound them to one end, and then shouted to his boy to "give the ice another chug." The chug was given, and better-skilled rushed the frightened fish by the holes again.

Drake used his stick and hooks to good advantage, and before dark went home happy with half a bushel of suckers. His discovery served him well for a week, when a warm rain, lasting two days, melted the snow in the woods and he was able to get to the settlement. Such was the origin of "chugging for suckers."

### HEALTH HINTS.

A London medical man says says: "Be careful in your dealings with horse radish. It irritates the stomach far more than spice, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

It is not true, says Dio Lewis, that ice water is a good table drink. The low temperature checks digestion; even weak tea or coffee is better than ice water. There can no longer be a reasonable doubt that this immense consumption of ice water has greatly contributed to diseases of the kidneys.

When we feel unusually "torpid" and heavy after meals, we may rest assured there is indigestion somewhere. A teaspoonful of lime-water taken in one-half a tumbler of clear, moderately cold water directly after meals, gives almost instant relief. A few drops of the clear juice of lemon is also effective.

It is stated in *Nuggets* that nothing, probably, is more sure to cure rheumatism than a morning and evening's vigorous use of hair gloves upon every portion of the skin. That congestion of the muscles and the joints which characterizes rheumatism is relieved by this powerful appeal of the hair gloves to the skin.

Dr. Lapatin, in the "Proceedings of the Caucasian Medical Society," advises that fingers and toes which have been slightly frostbitten, and which subsequently suffer from burning, itching and pricking sensations, should be painted, at first once, and afterwards twice a day, with a mixture of dilute nitric acid and peppermint water in equal proportions. After this application has been made for three or four days, the skin becomes darkened and the epidermis is shed, healthy skin appearing under it. The cure is effected in from ten to fourteen days. The author has found this plan very effectual among soldiers, who were unable to wear their boots in consequence of having had frozen feet. They were in this way soon rendered capable of returning to duty.

### Sense of Smell in Insects.

In some insects a keenly developed sense of smell appears to be the dominating sense. Sir John Lubbock has shown that the most intelligent of insects, the social ants, seem incapable of appreciating sounds, and that they make comparatively little use of their small eyes. Their leading sense is that of smell. It seems to be by aid of this faculty that they find their way about, and follow their multifarious daily avocations. A recent writer, speaking of the mode in which ants follow an established trail, says:

"I have experimented with this, frequently obliterating the scent for a space of but a few inches, and watching the puzzled wanderers, each going an inch or less beyond his predecessors, hunting the lost clue until the blank was finally bridged over. After that, if the new route, as re-opened, differed from the old it was nevertheless rigidly followed, even if longer."

Again, as evidence that bees and butterflies select the flowers which they visit by means of smell rather than sight, a writer says: "Bees and butterflies visit a distinct variety, and for the time confine their attention to it, settling on and sucking the honey of that variety only: e. g. a bee settling on a scarlet geranium will not go from it to another species or variety, but gives its attention to that particular variety only—never going from a scarlet geranium to another scarlet flower, even if in contact—I never remarked a bee go from a lily to an amaryllis, or the reverse."

W. M. Gabb, writing from St. Domingo, with regard to the butterfly, says: "My Indian servants always carried with them a fermented paste of maize flour, which they mixed with water to the consistency of gruel, as a beverage. On our arriving at the side of a stream in a narrow gorge, invariably, within a few minutes after they opened a package of this paste, although there might not have been a butterfly in sight before, those most brilliant of their kind would come sailing up, always from leeward. I have made some of my best catches in this manner. I have also caught them by baiting with a piece of over-ripe or even rotten banana. At other times, they were almost unapproachable."—*Dio Lewis' Nuggets.*

### A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died. A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union. During his years of blindness the sightless man never lost hopes that some day he might again look into the beauties of nature and the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light of day had been shut out so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy. A friend, who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady, by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"That is your wife," and then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment. This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as he ever did, and is now in business in this city.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

New fringes are tipped with fur cones. Fashionable boots have low square heels.

The London craze for pincushions continues.

The dull red jackets are increasing in number. Jeweled ornaments are much worn in the hair.

Woolen fabrics are certainly in the ascendant.

Little chased gold balls are a favorite for earrings.

New weavings of lace are marvels of beauty and ingenuity.

The handsomest woman in Italy is said to be nearly seven feet high.

The largest buttons are not used by those who use the best taste in dressing.

Violets are the favorite flower, although any arrangement of roses is proper.

Muffs are as small as possible, scarcely large enough to hold more than one hand at a time.

Neither otter nor sable are liable to go out of fashion unless perchance the supply gives out.

The wife of the Japanese minister is said to be the most expert needlewoman in Washington.

Exquisite fabrics are in larger variety than ever before, and every shade imaginable is to be seen.

Indoor dresses are now made somewhat in the style of a monk's dress. They are very becoming all the same.

American women are charged in England with tilting their hats over the forehead whether worn low or not.

A useful undergarment, especially for wearing under walking dresses, is an elastic ribbed silk jack with long sleeves.

A school for girls is to be soon established in Saltillo, Mexico, under the protectorate of the government of Coahuila.

Men are scarce in Dakota. Mrs. Jackson, of Bismarck, was compelled to clean out her own well, and it caved in and killed her.

Delicate linen cambric handkerchiefs, with fine hemstitched blocks and borders, with Valenciennes lace, range in price from \$2.75 to \$25 apiece.

A bonnet of silver gray plush has a coronet brim and plain crown. It is trimmed with bows of picot edged silver gray faille ribbon and a gray aigrette.

Now the ladies have adopted the coach hat, and it will be more difficult than ever to recognize the ultra-fashionable woman from a man at a distance.

Miss Jane Bancroft, Ph. D., has resigned a professorship in the Woman's College of Evanston, Ill., to accept the chair of history in Bryn Mawr college.

Some of the medical papers say that a great deal of quiet tipping, especially among women, is carried on by means of the quasi-medicament called "beef, iron and wine."

Some of the great milliners of Europe are instituting 5 o'clock teas for their customers, at which they can consult with the milliner concerning their choice of headgear.

"English women are to retain their distinctive dress, regardless of the French fashion." They always did, but they might have improved by adopting French suggestions.

A very stylish dress is in brown velvet; the front is of salmon color, embroidered in pearls, a plastron of the same, which is carried as high as the chest, forming the square-cut bodice.

At Oakland, Cal., lives Mrs. C. A. Bryant, now aged, once a belle, whom George IV. once kissed and to whom Napoleon III. is said to have offered his heart, hand and empire.

Rush bonnets must be the rage for next season, since anything in rushes is high in favor now in England. The bonnets made their appearance just as the summer season closed.

One New York house has adopted the plan of the executive modistes of Paris, and furnishes complete outfits, from the bonnet to the boot, each suit having every garment match in some particular.

Fancy ornaments, such as leaves unknown to botanists or florists, feathers that no ornithologist would recognize, and other marvels of the millinery art, are gold and silver dusted, and colored metallic powders are used with a free hand.

At the recent silver wedding of Major M. G. Gushing and wife, of Valley City, D. T., among the presents was a model of a ship about a foot long, with masts, sails, etc., all made of silver and sailing upon a silver sea. The ship was loaded with silver dollars, one of which was of the coinage of 1798.

Although a staunch friend and pleasant companion to those whom he liked, the late Duke of Somerset was to the world at large one of the haughtiest and most reserved of peers, a fit successor to that former Somerset who deducted \$100,000 from his daughter's portion because she sat down in his presence without his permission.

Some of the new stockings have novelty, if nothing else to recommend them. One pair shown them have had a lozenge shaped piece of black lace let in on the instep, others have rows of lace insertion. Some of the new hose have embroidered spots all over them. The new slippers are calculated to display these stockings to good advantage.

### "Snickersnee."

The allusion to his "snickersnee" made in Ko-Ko's song in the "Mikado," when he tells how artistically he performed an execution, puzzles many people. The majority, no doubt, think the word is merely a fanciful one introduced by the author to designate a Japanese sword, but this is not the case. In Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" it is related how, when stout Peter Stuyvesant assembled the train bands, they came in motley array, bringing with them all sorts of firearms, and bearing also "swords, hatchets, snickersnees and crowbars." The dictionary says that "snick" means a cut, and that "snee" is a contraction of a Dutch word meaning practically the same thing. "Snick and snee" is defined as a combat with knives. A "snickersnee" is really a kind of sword.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Sir John Lubbock declares that the mind of ants differs from that of men only in degree.

Sunday was once a popular day for marriages. The brides of the Elizabethan period were usually married on the first day of the week.

It was an old prejudice, which is not quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are marked by nature as prone to mischief.

From one tree, sixteen miles east of Tampa, Fla., there were gathered 11,643 oranges by actual count. This is the largest yield from a single tree ever known.

A writer in *La Nature* has calculated the power of the spring which moves a watch, and his conclusion, in plain language, is that a machine of one-horse power could keep 270,000,000 watches going.

A new fraud has recently been detected by a French chemist. On examining a sample of preserved tomato, he found that it contained but little of that vegetable, the remainder being chiefly composed of carrots and pumpkins, colored with some aniline dye.

The practice of "going a gooding" was once a custom of St. Thomas's Day, which occurs December 21. It was performed by women, who presented sprigs of evergreen and Christmas flowers, and begged for money in return. This term means going about to wish good even.

Dr. G. Rolfs considers woolen clothing to be unhealthy for wear in the tropics. He finds support for this theory in the fact that sheep from cool countries soon lose their wool from Central Africa and become covered with a thin coat of hair, while lions lose their heavy manes in hot regions.

In old times the death of the vanquished person was always considered a certain evidence of his guilt. Among the customs connected with dueling, it appears that, according to the old law, knights were to fight with the lance and sword, as those of inferior rank fought with ebon staff or baton, to the farther end of which was a bag crammed hard with sand.

The magnitude of the Escorial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the computation of Francisco de los Santos that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned at thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles. There are 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows in the edifice.

### Billingsgate.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there. For Webster says, "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned fish market in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation. There is considerable slang and good-natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the word.

The best time to visit the market is on a Friday morning. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after six o'clock, with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps. Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on tables, roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place is a perfect babel of competition.

"Ha-a-ansome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive!"

"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloater! Who's the buyer?"

"Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!"

"Turbot! turbot! All alive! Turbot!"

"Glass o' penny peppermint, this cold morning! a ha' penny a glass!"

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!"

"Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzly sprats! all large and no small!"

"Hullo! hullo here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!"

"Five brill and one turbot! have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!"

"Here, this way for splendid skate! skate O! skate O!"

"Had-had-had-haddock! all fresh and good!"

"Currant and meat puddings! a ha' penny each!"

"Now, you mussell-buyers, come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussells!"

"Here's smelt, O! Here ye are, fine Finney haddicks!"

"Hot soup! nice pea soup! a-all hot! hot!"

"Ahoy! ahoy, here! live plaice! all alive O!"

"Now or never!" whelk! whelk! whelk! Who'll buy brill O! brill O!

"Eels O! eels O! Alive! alive O!"

"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot o' flounders?"

"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps! Wink! wink! wink!"

"He! hi! here you are, just eight eels left—just eight!"

"O ho! O ho! this way! this way! this way! Fish alive! alive! alive O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate on a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the London fishmonger. That must be heard in order to be appreciated.

### His Awful Revenge.

Now the maiden and the youth,  
Love to sit and spoon forsooth.  
By the fireside where brightly burns the log,  
log, log,  
While her father, raging with  
Thinks how soon a piece of cloth  
Will be taken from his trousers by the dog,  
dog, dog.

—*Tid-Bits.*



Saville or John D. Bacon, Lexington.



## WEST MEDFORD NEWS.

**OPPOSING THE INEVITABLE.**—A meeting was held in Tufts Hall, in the centre of the town, last Saturday evening, by those opposed to division, it being the second meeting of the citizens concerned in the movement in "Old Medford." The speeches, which were many, were full of enthusiasm and bespoke a lively campaign. The committee appointed at a previous meeting reported the following committee to carry on the fight against a division of the town and the lists were adopted:—Executive Committee, Gen. S. C. Lawrence, J. H. Norcross, Hon. B. F. Hayes, D. W. Wilcox, J. E. Wood, H. D. Nash, J. C. Rand; Finance Committee, W. C. Haskins, F. E. Chandler, S. C. Burns, W. H. Warren, H. E. Willis, T. P. Dresser, M. W. Child, H. R. Page, Col. Asa Law, Dr. D. Wilson, J. S. Maxwell, M. F. Dwyer, W. B. Lawrence, F. O. Hill, B. E. Perry, W. B. Thomas, F. H. Kilder, J. A. Sullivan; Remonstrance Committee, F. C. Williams, Rev. F. P. Sawin, Dr. P. Martin, J. T. Foster, D. N. Howard, C. Currier, D. L. McIntire, J. S. Sturtevant, P. E. Donahue, I. P. Hamlin, B. Jacobson, Dr. J. E. Clark, G. B. F. Maxwell, J. S. Beck, J. D. Street, M. K. Norwood, W. W. Fifield, Asa Law, C. S. Taylor, C. F. Paige, C. M. Jones, W. H. Warren, W. B. Thomas, E. S. Randall, W. P. Martin, G. W. Stetson, G. T. Sanipson, H. L. Russ, Frank Hervey, H. D. Hadley, J. R. Teel; Press Committee, J. A. Hervey, F. H. Page, W. P. Martin, G. W. Stetson, G. F. Spaulding, T. B. Dill, H. D. Hadley, S. W. Lawrence; Statistics Committee, Rev. C. L. Hutchins, C. F. Paige, W. S. Child, J. S. Sturtevant, P. R. Litchfield, R. Sawyer, Dr. J. E. Cleaves. After the selection of the above committees it was voted to hold a mass meeting in the Town Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 23, and the Remonstrance Committee were appointed a committee to take charge of the same. The committee is composed of the members of the committee who so successfully carried on the celebration of last Fourth of July.

On Wednesday the Legislative Committee on Towns began their hearing on the petition for a division of Beverly. The argument advanced by Mr. Williams in favor of the petitioner was one that might be repeated in regard to Medford. We were two villages ten miles apart on the same line of railroad there would be greater ease of communication than now. To day the owners of teams are comparatively few and there are not now, as there used to be when every one owned horses and conveyances, places at which they can be left with safety except at stables. Consequently our people must either go around by the way of Boston, walk across, or make up a party to go by barges to attend to their interests in the transaction of town business. Because of this, a section like West Medford can never exert its due weight in the conduct of town affairs, or ever receive its proper consideration at the hands of the larger community; for communities are hardly less selfish than individuals.

Our most honored citizen, Hon. Daniel A. Gleason, on Tuesday turned over to his successor the office of Treasurer of the Commonwealth which he has filled with so much of credit to himself during the past five years, his enforced retirement in accordance with the law governing the office being regretted by every one having dealings with it. Mr. Gleason came to the office with a special training for it in subordinate positions, and his advent marked the introduction of new methods which have proved of great value to the State, and the financial interests generally have been strengthened by his suggestions from time to time and measures which he has induced the Legislature to accept. It is with feelings of pleasure that we have read the words of high praise of him and his methods as Treasurer, in the columns of the metropolitan dailies, for we have felt them to be wholly deserved.

The society of Christian Helpers, connected with the Congregational church, held one of their pleasant social gatherings at the residence of Mr. R. J. Ford, on Wednesday evening. After the transaction of business, the evening was spent socially and profitably with readings and illustrations on the allegory of "Pilgrim's Progress," given by members, and all joining in chorus singing, at the close of the readings. It was voted at this meeting to celebrate the second anniversary of the society, in a suitable manner, the same to take place some time in February.

The following persons were elected trustees of Trinity Methodist church for the next conference year, at the recent quarterly conference, viz: Nelson Taylor, Wm. McLean, Leonard Stearns, O. M. Winship, W. H. Beckman, S. C. Johnson, Geo. Hatch, P. G. Scobaria and L. H. Lovering. The following named officers were also elected stewards: Wm. McLean, Nelson Taylor, S. C. Johnson, P. G. Scobaria, Geo. Hatch, Leonard Stearns, O. M. Winship, W. H. Beckman, M. W. Pierce, Robt. Gilmour, E. J. Grey and N. W. Fowle.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, connected with the Trinity church, held their quarterly meeting for prayer and consultation at the residence of Rev. C. W. Wilder, on Jerome street, Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock.

A full house greeted Rev. Dr. Dorchester, at Trinity Methodist Episcopal church last Sunday evening. He preached an able and interesting discourse on the "Character and dignity of man," taking as his text Job 7:17, 18.

**RIGHT WILL WIN.**—It is an easy matter to assert that "the secessionists will be met with an overwhelming army," but that is a meaningless phrase. The division of the town of Medford into two towns will be granted when it shall be shown to the Legislature either that the best interests of both sections will be served by such division, or when it is clear that the real welfare of an outlying district counsels the setting up of a separate township. Fourth of July celebrations, with all their noise and bluster, and public meetings harranged by excited speakers, may have an effect to blind some people and hinder what might otherwise be speedily accomplished, but neither these nor kindred measures can more than temporarily delay what can be shown is worthy of being accomplished. The people of West Medford are not sentimentalists but earnest and fair minded men, seeking the community's best interests as viewed from their standpoint, and if they are right, as we candidly believe they are, they will succeed; for the right must ultimately prevail.

The second lecture in the course at the Congregational church, will be given at that place, next Monday evening, Jan. 25th, at 7.45 o'clock. The lecture will be given by Rev. Dr. Hamlin, now of Lexington, but formerly president of Roberts College, Constantinople, and the subject of his lecture is to be, "The latest aspects of the Eastern question." Dr. Hamlin witnessed the Crimean war, and by long residence in that country came to know the true inwardness of life on the Bosphorus. Tickets can be obtained at Mr. Wilber's.

There is to be a social dancing party on next Thursday evening, in Brook's Hall, the music to be by Mystic Orchestra. The managers, J. E. Morse and G. P. Farnum, will do all in their power to make the party a social success.

The following officers were installed at the recent meeting of the Odd Fellows Lodge of this village, by District Deputy Wadleigh:—A. D. Puffer, Jr., N. G.; W. H. Woods, V. G.; F. E. Gage, Secretary; G. G. Lincoln, Treasurer.

The boys have monopolized Allston street for coasting purposes. It is certainly a fine coast, but it is rather dangerous crossing the main street as it does, where there is passing of teams and foot passengers frequently. Look out for accidents.

Elmwood Concert to-night (Friday). We hope to hear the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity to show the members of the Club that their efforts to furnish first class concerts and music is appreciated.

The Chautauqua Circle is in a flourishing condition and all are taking up the regular prescribed course, that of the history of Rome. The circle meets together every two weeks and the topics of the readings are discussed in a social way.

Owing in part to the unfavorable weather on the evening of Mr. Winship's lecture at West Medford, the lecture will be repeated and given in full at the Town Hall, Medford, Feb. 2. Tickets twenty-five cents.

We have received through Miss Gertrude Sampson, some pamphlets, giving statistics and the work carried on among the Mormons, for which she has our thanks.

The topic of Mr. Wilder's sermon next Sunday evening will be "The Judgment." This will be the eleventh sermon in his doctrinal series. One discourse more will complete the course.

Houghton & Dinsmore have found plenty of occupation for their commodious barge Puritan, during the season of fine sleighing and brilliant moonlight evenings.

A cellar has been put in for a house to be erected on the land on the Main street laying between Jerome and Sharon streets.

Mr. Rowe, the mason, has the frame of his new house well under way. It is situated at the junction of Jerome and Brooks street.

There has been skating on Mystic Pond this week, but not of a first class quality, as the pond, with the exception of a few spots, was very rough.

The gateman's lodge at the crossing has been attractively painted and other improvements have been made around it.

Dunklee has furnished conveyances for a number of sleighing parties the past week in the most satisfactory manner.

There was a delightful social dancing party in Brooks Hall on Wednesday evening.

Never better sleighing than that of the past week.

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For \$2.00 we will send VILLAGE GAZETTE and The Yankee Blade, each for one year, to any address in the United States or Canada, free of postage. The regular subscription price of The Blade alone is \$2.00 a year. This offer is made to all of our present subscribers to induce them to renew, and to those who may become so.

On and after Dec. 14, '85.  
**TRAINS LEAVE WEST MEDFORD FOR**  
Boston at 6.09, 6.25, 6.45, 6.56, 7.14, 7.36, 8.04, 8.35, 8.53, 9.14, 9.36, 10.36, 11.36, a. m. 12.11, 12.53, 1.17, 1.26, 2.31, 2.50, 3.03, 3.36, 4.31, 5.36, 6.51, 10.49, p. m.  
Sunday, 9.21, 9.47, a. m. 12.14, 2.14, 2.51, 4.51, 5.17, 6.14, 6.51, p. m.  
Boston for West Medford, 7.00, 7.45, 8.10, 9.10, 9.30, 10.10, 11.00, 11.30, a. m. 12.10, 1.15, 1.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.01, 3.55, 4.10, 4.45, 5.10, 5.40, 5.50, 6.15, 6.40, 7.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.15, p. m.  
Sunday, 9.00, 10.15, a. m. 12.45, 1.00, 1.03, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 10.15, p. m.

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## Boston & Lowell Railroad.

On and after DEC. 14 1885, trains will run as follows:

**LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station,** at 7.55, a. m.; 1.30, 4.30, p. m.; Sunday 12.50, p. m. Returns at 8.32, a. m.; 12.30, 4.45, p. m.; Sunday 9.02 a. m.; 3.36 p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass.** at 7.55, a. m.; 1.30, 4.30, p. m.; Sunday 12.50, p. m. Returns at 8.40, a. m.; 12.37, 4.52, p. m.; Sunday 9.02 a. m.; 3.36 p. m.

**LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford** at 6.45, 7.55, 10.00, a. m.; 1.30, 3.45, 4.30, 5.45, 6.10, 6.30, 10.00, 11.25 p. m.; Sunday 12.00 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Returns at 8.45, 6.30, 7.00, 7.35, 8.31, 9.28 a. m.; 12.4, 3.39, 5.02, 5.39, 8.16 p. m.; Sunday 9.13, a. m.; 3.45 p. m.

**LEAVE Boston for Lexington** at 6.45, 6.45, 7.55,



## SONG.

Drifting northward the rain-clouds pass  
Leaving the grass  
Cool and damp,  
Then at the sun the poppies kindle  
Each its lamp.  
Love, remember not cloud nor rain;  
Smile again,  
My heart lies  
Waiting, with all its flowers unkindled.  
For your eyes.  
—E. C. Sanford, in *Oerland*.

## WIPE OUT.

I had been employed by the Great Improvement and Reclaim company, of Mobile, to explore and map certain lands in Florida lying well down on the edge of the great Cypress Swamp. The company had purchased nearly 1,000,000 acres of wild land in the location I have mentioned, and it was necessary for some one to visit it and walk over most of the ground before it could be put into market in the manner contemplated. I had been on the ground three weeks, having two men with me, when the adventure happened which I am about to relate.

One morning the three of us left our camp beside one of the lakes on the upper St. John's for a tramp intending to return by evening. While I made notes and kept the topography the men noted the varieties of woods, nature of the soil, and other details of interest. On three different occasions we had encountered white men in the dense and lonely forest, and knew from their looks and surroundings that they were renegades from civilization. Twice we had stumbled upon rude camps occupied by negroes and refugees.

We had traveled a distance of perhaps three miles when I was stung on the back of the right hand by an insect resembling a hornet, although much larger. In fifteen minutes the pain brought me to a halt, and my hand was swollen like a puff-ball. After a consultation, it was decided that I should return to camp, and the men would push on by compass and cover a certain area, and come in toward night. Before I had covered the distance to camp I was near screaming out with the pain, and my arm was puffing up with the poison.

There was a remedy in the medicine chest, but it was a full hour before the pain was relieved. Then I began to feel sleepy, and I bunked down and was soon fast asleep. At about noon, after a nap of two hours, I was awakened by the sound of a human voice.

"Say, you!" I opened my eyes to find a white renegade stand over me, holding one of my revolvers in his hand.

"Git up!" I sat up. All our goods in camp had been packed up and taken away. The man who confronted me was the wickedest-looking fellow we had yet met in the swamps. His hair and whiskers were so long and unkempt that little of his face except his ugly black eyes and yellow teeth could be seen. His clothing was part cloth and part skins, and it was plain that he had avoided civilization for years.

"Git up and come," he growled. "Who are you and what do you want?" I demanded, as I reached my feet.

"Walk!" he commanded, pointing to the west. At that moment a third actor appeared. It was a woman—tall, gaunt, ferocious, and dressed in the same nondescript costume as the man. She came out of the jungle to the west, and as soon as near enough to make her words understood she said:

"If he won't move down him and tie his hands and feet. We can tote two such as him."

She had the other revolver in her hand, and I noticed that both had hunting knives. I was unarmed, still weak from the effects of the poisonous sting, and entirely in their power. The woman struck into the jungle. I followed, and the man brought up the rear.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile we reached the bank of the lake. Tied to a tree by a rawhide rope was a floating cabin. The foundation was a rough-made scow, and the upper works, as they may be termed, consisted of a long, narrow and stoutly-made hut of logs. There was a chimney of mud and sticks, from which smoke issued, and two persons were on the bank to receive us. One was a boy of twelve or thirteen, and the other a girl two or three years older. They looked more like wild animals than human beings, and talked in a language so strange that I could not understand a word.

"Go ahead," said the man, as I halted on the bank; and I followed the woman aboard of the scow and into the cabin. It was a house in which there was but one room, with the hides of cattle thrown over the wild Southern moss for beds. There was no stove, but a sort of fireplace made of stones, with two or three iron kettles on the hearth as kitchen furniture.

All our camp equipment had been removed to the cabin, and my Winchester rifle stood in the corner. As this was then a new arm I did not believe they knew how to use it, but my revolvers were Colt's old pattern and loaded with powder and used percussion caps.

"Sot thar," said the woman, as she pointed to a corner. I went over and sat down on the bed. It was not the corner in which my rifle stood, but the weapon was not more than ten feet away. The woman then said something to the children in her own mongrel dialect, and both of them sat down facing me and only three or four feet away. Then man and wife cast off the rope, seized long poles, and presently the boat slowly moved down the lake to the north. The lake appeared to be about three miles wide by five long, and was shut in by the dense forest.

The views I had through the open door and the chinks between the logs showed me that the craft was kept near the shore. While the people seemed in no great hurry to get down the lake, they kept the scow moving at a fair pace until we were about three miles from the place where we had embarked. A landing was then made in the mouth of a creek, and the scow was entirely hidden from sight of any one on the lake. Hunters and tourists, and even small pleasure steamers came up from the main river as far as this lake.

It was mid-afternoon when the boat was made fast. The pain and swelling

had now entirely departed from my hand and arm, and the helpless feeling which had come over me when first captured had given way to a determination to help myself out of the scrape. If I could get hold of my rifle I would be a match for the whole four of them. I counted them as four, because the boy and girl had hunting knives, and would surely take part in any scrimmage brought on. Their looks and actions proved this. They maintained their places directly in front of me, and their eyes never left me for a second. They held their knives as if they expected an attempt to escape, and meant to thrust and cut if I tried it.

While the boat was moving there was no show for me. A score of alligators, some of monstrous size, followed us in procession, and I had but to look out upon the lake to realize that it was alive with these fierce reptile. One who jumped or fell overboard would be seized as soon as he struck the water.

Not a word was addressed to me until the boat had been tied up. Then the man came in, took a single-barreled rifle from under the other bed, and, after a few hurried words with the woman outside, jumped ashore and disappeared. When he had gone the woman entered, lighted a pipe, and sending the boy outside to watch, she sat down in his place with the cocked revolver on her lap. She had a face which betrayed the mind of a beast.

"Well, what are you going to do with me?" I asked after a while.

"Feed you to the alligators," she replied.

"Where has your husband gone?"

"To kill the other two men."

"What do you want to murder us for? We have in no way injured you."

"We was whipped and driv out of the settlements, and we want revenge," she growled.

"But we had nothing to do with it," I protested, in a firm tone.

"Can't help that. You come poaching on our claim," she answered.

"But we'll go away."

"I guess you won't. We never let any one git away to tell on us!"

I said nothing further, but I by no means looked upon myself as a dead man. If worst came to worst I would give them a fight. I could not move then, with knife and bullet ready for me, and deemed it wiser to settle back and bide my time.

The man had been gone about half an hour when the faint report of a rifle came to us through the trees. The woman had been listening for it, and as it came she gave a start and cried out:

"There goes one of 'em."

"Who?" I asked.

"One of your partners. Dan has dropped him for sure."

There was such a fiendish, blood-thirsty look on her face that I was appalled, and the same expression, to a certain degree, rested on the faces of the children. Like dogs, they licked their chops in anticipation of a bloody feast. In about half an hour the man appeared. He had a bundle of clothing in one hand and two rifles and a revolver in the other.

"Git one?" the woman asked, as he came aboard the ungainly craft.

"Yes."

"Didn't git the both?"

"No. The other got away. I'll git him to-morrow," he replied.

"Git much?"

"Lots."

He had in his hand the suit of clothes, rifle, and revolver belonging to one of my men—George Sheen, of Mobile. There were blood-stains on the clothing, and as he unrolled the bundle I saw a bullet hole through the vest. He had killed the man and then stripped him stark naked. Yes, he had books, socks, hat, collar, everything. The other man was Robert Jackson, of Chicago, who had worked with me for years. He had not "got" him. Why? Jackson was well armed and a brave man. If he had been present at the shooting of Sheen, he would not have run away. Sheen had an old-fashioned rifle; Jackson had a Winchester. He would in turn have killed the outlaw. The two men must have been separated, and the outlaw must have ambushed Sheen.

Leaving the children to watch me, the man and woman now cast the scow loose and poled her out about 300 feet from shore. The sun was getting well down, and our side of the lake was in a deep shadow. When the scow had been anchored by a stone, the pair inspected the personal property and counted the money taken from the victim. The outlaw then washed the blood from his hands.

When they entered the cabin, or house, the woman produced some cold meat and hoeckae and threw hunks to each one, including myself. It was only after the provisions had disappeared, I eating mine with the rest, that the man addressed me.

"See yere, stranger," he said, "what brought you up yere?"

"Looking over lands," I replied.

"Um! Who be you?"

I told him.

"Didn't count on seein' Black Dan, I reckon?" he sneered.

"No."

"Which is unfortunate for you. I've killed every land hunter who ever sot fut on my claim, and I'll keep killin' sure."

"We didn't come here to disturb or annoy you," I said.

"It's jist the same thing. I'm down on the hull human race for the way I've bin used, and I'll kill whenever I kin git the chance. I've dropped one of yore fellers. To-morrow I'll drop the other, and then take keer of you. Git over thar and lay down."

"Over thar" was the far corner, and entirely out of reach of my Winchester. When I bunked down in my corner the gun was removed entirely, and the family lay down in such a way as to hem me in. For the first three or four hours they were like cats, starting up at the slightest move, but toward midnight I was satisfied that all were asleep. I could not reach the firearms without stepping over the bodies, and they knew that any effort on my part to loosen a low would arouse them.

About midnight, after a long and cautious effort, I sat up. It was a starlight night, and, as there was no door to the cabin, I could see out. I was fully determined to make an effort to escape, but when I came to canvass the chances, I had to abandon the idea. The alligators were constantly about us, often rearing up to paw at the logs, and unless I could get hold of the firearms and begin the

fight, I should be wiped out in any effort I made. I think I slept for an hour or two, and what aroused me I cannot tell. I was still sitting, and, as I looked out upon the night I saw a human figure draw itself up on the bows of the boat. I at first supposed it was one of the family, but a moment's observation convinced me to the contrary. This figure moved cautiously, as if desiring its presence unknown, and was a long time in reaching the door. It then leaned against the logs and made a long survey of the interior, and finally sank out of sight. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and I could not fathom the mystery. Was it an Indian or another outlaw? Moving so cautiously, what object had he in view? Had I once thought of Jackson, I should not have dared to hope he had come to my rescue through that water; and, too, I could not have believed he knew of my whereabouts.

From the time I first caught sight of the figure to daylight was probably an hour and a half, but it seemed to me as if I lived five years. I had no hopes that the man was a friend, and yet I could not look for a new enemy. Perhaps, after all, it was only one of the refugee negroes, of whom scores were hiding in the swamps, who had made his way to the scow in hopes to lay hands on provisions or clothing. I kept my eyes on the spot where I had last seen him, and, as he did not reappear, began to feel that he had slipped back into the water and returned to the shore.

Did you ever watch the coming of daylight when you felt that with it might come some life or death transaction? The first signs came from the birds. Then, afar up the lake, came the cries of water fowl. A fox or some other animal stood on the shore near where we had tied up the night before and barked in an angry voice. The stars paled and drifted out of sight, and the interior of the cabin began to light up until I could distinguish the forms of the sleepers.

Where was the strange man—friend or enemy? As if in response to my query he suddenly rose up, stepped noiselessly inside the door, and next instant a revolver began to crack and a voice shouted at me:

"Keep down, Colonel! hug the floor!"

I rolled over on my face and I heard yells, screams and groans. It was all over in thirty seconds, and some one called:

"All right, Colonel; I've wiped the varmints out!"

I sprang up to find Jackson standing in the centre of the cabin, and on the floor lay outlaw, wife and children, all dead. It was as I had argued the day previous. The two men had separated in the woods—Sheen to return directly to camp and Jackson to hunt for game for supper. The outlaw had ambushed Sheen and killed him, and Jackson had heard the report of the gun and become suspicious. He hurried to camp to find me gone and everything taken, and had traced us to the lake. He found indications to prove that a boat had been used, and had followed the shore of the lake down until he found the scow at anchor.

Not one man in a thousand would have shown his nerve. He knew of the alligators, could see a dozen of them moving about, and yet he disrobed, tied his weapons across his head, and swam straight for the scow and reached it unmolested. He saw that the only way was to wipe out all the gang, and as soon as daylight would guide him he began his work.

When we had buried our comrade we made a close search of the floating cabin, and we found indisputable proof of the murder of five or six persons. In an old wooden bucket were two gold and three silver watches, several pocket knives, half a dozen rings, and \$825 in gold, silver and greenbacks. As none of these articles could be traced back to their owners, and as vengeance had overtaken the murderers, we felt no hesitation in taking possession of everything for the benefit of Sheen's widow.

The last act was to set fire to the scow and push it out into the lake. It was as merciful to consign the bodies to the flames as to see the alligators fight over them. Such human wolves did not deserve burial.

### The Sea's Natural Powers.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley it is said is generally fifteen times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden to the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plan on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.—*Independent*.

The Belle Meade stock farm near Nashville, Tenn., has a deer park of 425 acres, containing 260 deer.

## WILD BEASTS SURROUNDED

### HOW FARMERS PROTECTED THEIR CATTLE IN EARLY TIMES.

#### The Famous Work of Many Hunters in Bradford County, Penn., Eighty Years or More Ago.

An old resident of Bradford county, Penn., described to a New York Times correspondent an event which, he said, "probably never had a parallel in this or any other country." Continuing, the old settler said:

"There are those living yet who remember the extraordinary occurrence, but all who were participants in it are long since dead. The details are well preserved in scores of families in the county whose ancestors were among those who helped to make this extraordinary chapter in the unwritten annals of the backwoods.

"The region now included in Bradford county began to be settled more than a century ago. In 1805 there were about 5,000 inhabitants of the county. There were a few small villages, but the settlers were generally scattered about on farms. With the exceptions of these clearings the country was still an unbroken area of dense forest. Wolves, panthers and bears had hardly thought of retiring before the encroachments of the settlers. Deer roamed the woods in herds, and the elk still browsed in the mountain fastnesses. The backwoods clearings were constant foraging grounds for wild beasts. The few sheep, swine and cattle the pioneers possessed were never safe from these marauders, and it frequently happened that these raids left the settler's stock inclosures entirely empty. Although hundreds of wild animals annually fell victims to the traps, snares and guns of the pioneers, their depredations still remained a serious obstacle to the welfare of the settlers. In 1805, at the suggestion of a long-suffering farmer named Buck, it was resolved to organize a systematic and combined raid on the haunts of the animals whose destructiveness individual efforts had but slightly checked. Buck's idea was to enlist every one in the afflicted settlements who was old enough to carry a gun, and with this small army form a circle around as large an area of country infested by the animals they desired to assail as the number of hunters warranted. The party was to be divided into companies of 10, under the lead and command of an experienced woodsman and hunter. When the hunting ground was surrounded each party was to move forward simultaneously toward a common centre, the march to be conditioned on such obstacles as streams, swamps, or hills that might intervene. As the raid was to be one merely of extermination, deer, elk and other unoffending animals were not to be ruthlessly nor indiscriminately killed. Every hunter, however, should be bound to lay low every panther, catamount, bear, wolf, or fox, young or old, that crossed his path.

"The pioneer's suggestion was unanimously adopted at meetings of settlers held at convenient localities, and it was resolved to make two raids during the year. One was to be in June, when the animals they sought would generally be found with their litters and families of young brought forth in the spring, thus affording opportunity to put much future trouble out of the way with ease, and the other raid was fixed for November, during the nutting season. Every arrangement for the successful and smooth working of the novel campaign was perfected during the winter and spring, and when the day came for the grand raid to commence 600 men, each armed with his flint-lock, a hatchet and a hunting knife, and provided with two days' rations, were ready for the march.

"The number of men who were to participate in the raid was known for days before the appointed time, and warranted the selection of a wide area of country to hunt over. A wild region, which was known to furnish all the requirements of the animals to be proceeded against, extending from the head waters of the Wyalusing creek, and taking in portions of Lycoming and Luzerne counties, it was thought, could be profitably and thoroughly scoured by the large party, and a circle of hunters, five to a mile, was formed in that region. This gave an area forty miles across, or 120 miles around, to close in upon.

"The day before the day appointed each command of ten men had received orders to be at a place designated at 6 o'clock in the morning, and to be in position to start forward half an hour later. The arrangements were all successfully carried out. The circle was to be reduced by ten miles the first day. Each hunter had strict orders not to shoot except when he saw some animal plainly and within easy range, so as to avoid the danger of shooting a fellow-hunter in mistake for game moving, but not seen, in the brush. During the first day's march through the woods and swamps, all around the great circle of hunters, the result of the raid, according to the returns of the hunters whose shots had been successful, was as follows, old and young: Panthers, forty; wolves, fifty-eight; bears, ninety-two; foxes, twenty; catamounts, thirteen. The second day's march brought the hunters close together at the centre of the area, and also drove into close quarters a large number of wolves, bears and panthers, beside many deer and a few elk. My grandfather, who was a captain of one of the divisions of the party, said that the scene presented by these hemmed-in beasts was one he never could forget. The hunters stood in ranks five deep about them. The panthers yelled furiously from the tree-tops as they leaped from branch to branch to escape, but rifle balls met and followed them in all directions. Bears huddled together covering their cubs with their bodies, growling fiercely and showing fight even against such fearful odds. Wolves sneaked and snarled about, showing their great white teeth and looking a fierceness they did not possess. The frightened deer and elk ran wildly to and fro within the circle, and frequently made desperate rushes and cleared the wall of hunters at a bound. Short work was made of the corralled beasts of prey, and when the slaughter was over the record for the two days' hunt stood: Panthers, seventy-two; wolves, ninety; bears, 145; foxes, thirty-seven; catamounts, twenty-eight. A number of deer and elk were also killed by hunters who could not resist the temptation. Scores of both could

have been slain with ease. Foxes and catamounts being less belligerent than bear and panther, and more wily, escaped with less slaughter, although very numerous in the woods. The bounty on the animals killed amounted to \$550. The skins had an aggregate value in those days of not less than \$2,500. Then the bears killed yielded at least thirty-five pounds of highly-prized food to each hunter. But the benefit that resulted to the farmers from the raid in protecting their pastures and farmyards overbalanced tenfold all other profit there was in the hunt. The November raid proved also very successful, and the destructive prowlers of the woods never regained the foothold in the region they had so long enjoyed.

#### Impressions of Bismarck.

The following is from an interview of a Washington correspondent with John Russell Young, published in the New York World:

"I suppose, Mr. Young, in your life in Europe you must have met many men worth remembering?"

"Yes, I was two years in General Grant's company when he traveled abroad, and that gave me an opportunity to meet nearly every sovereign and statesman of distinction in Europe and Asia."

"You must have met Bismarck?"

"Yes, several times. I met him first with General Grant, and several times later. Bismarck is a towering, proud, dominant character."

"How did Bismarck impress you?"

"I think that the personal impression Bismarck makes justifies his great fame. I remember General Grant saying to me on his return from his tour around the world that he had met four really great men—Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang, the grand secretary of China. Bismarck impresses you—as I remember him—as a man born to govern nations—the strongest character since Napoleon; audacious, arrogant, proud, with a vein of humor permeating his conversation, and the embodiment of wit, courage and common sense. I should say he was the embodiment of absolute common sense and justice, with a courage that feared no antagonism, and streaming and vivid with intellect and justice, and a determination to carry his point against the whole world. He was personally a strong, virile man, and would say the most unusual and extraordinary things, and more than that he would carry them out. He had a purpose and a policy, and he did it in a way that reminded you very much of what you read of Frederick the Great, or Marlborough, or any of those great men who have been called on by Providence to do great things.

"Prince Bismarck, speaking of him as I recall his personal appearance and manner, had a resemblance to General Butler and to General Sikes. He had General Butler's odd way of stating things in a sententious, humorous phrase, and he was very strongly like General Sikes in his manner. He spoke English fairly well, slowly, cautiously, like a man translating."

#### Room for Improvement.

The nuts which we find on the table for dessert are nearly all of foreign growth. This ought not to be so. There are varieties enough in our forests, as any country boy can testify, to spread the table of a king. The most eminent botanist in America, Dr. Asa Gray, after speaking of this fact, goes on to explain how much these hard-shelled fruits might be improved by cultivation.

Our wild chestnuts are sweeter than those of the old world; it would be well to try whether races might not be well developed with the nuts as large as marmons or Spanish chestnuts, and without diminution of flavor. If we were not too easily satisfied with a mere choice between spontaneous hickory nuts, we might have much better and thinner shelled ones. Varying, as they do, excessively in the thickness of the shell and the size and flavor of the kernel, they are inviting your attention, and promising to reward your care. The pecan is waiting to have the bitter matter between the kernel bred out; the butternuts and black walnuts to have their excess of oil turned into farinaceous and sugary matter, and their shells thinned and smothered by continued good breeding; when they will much surpass the European walnut.

#### Lightning and Trees.

A writer in the *Building News* explains what takes place within the bark of a tree when struck by lightning. Most of us have seen the effects which are here described, but not all of us can tell the reason why the tree has such an appearance:

In a tree which has been destroyed by lightning, the layers are not only shattered and separated into strips, but the wood also appears dry, hard, and brittle, as though it had been through the process of curing in a kiln. This is attributed to the instantaneous reduction of the sap into steam. When the sap is abundant, as in May or early in June, the amount and force of the steam not only bursts and separates the layers and fibres, but rends the trunk in pieces or throws off a portion of it. When the amount of steam thus suddenly generated is small, owing to a dry condition of the stem from continual evaporation and self-exhalation, there may be no external trace of the lightning-stroke; yet the leaves will wither in a few days, showing that the stem has been rendered incapable of conveying supplies, and the tree will either partially or entirely die. Still lighter discharges may be conducted down the moist stem without any injury.

#### Anural.

When the sun comes brightly beaming  
In my bedroom at the morn,  
And I'm lying idly dreaming  
Of a rosy, bracing horn,  
When the dew-drop gossamer dawns,  
And the night mist disappears,  
And I softly tuck the crazy—  
Quilt around my nose and ears—  
When the tom-cat never cheering,  
Dish us more the fumes usurp,  
And the full-moon disappearing,  
Stops the barking of the pup,  
When I heard the merry chirrup  
Of the sparrows at the sill,  
And fond thoughts of cakes and syrup  
All my being subtly thrill—  
When the milkman's verbal volley  
Greets me like a blast from—  
And I am as melancholy  
As a bull without a bell,  
When upon my portal Mabel  
Gives the customary rap,  
Saying breakfast's on the table—  
Then I turn and take a nap.

—Puck.

#### Both Escaped.

Lord Charles Beresford is almost as fearless a soldier as his friend (Colonel Burnaby), and consequently a great favorite. It is related of him that during the hot fighting in South Africa he was riding back after an engagement, he overtook one of his troopers, wounded, and slowly making his way afoot. He stopped and told the trooper to get up behind him. The trooper refused on the ground that if Lord Charles Beresford rode on alone he was certain to escape. Lord Charles Beresford looked at him a moment, and said: "If you don't get up I shall have to get off and knock you down." Whereupon the trooper mounted, and both escaped.—*London Letter*.

It is estimated that there are 1,100,000 cattle in Montana.

Many hospitals and curative institutions use only Red Star Cough Cure for throat and lung troubles. It cures. Price twenty-five cents. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

John Wanamaker's store, Philadelphia, has 4,130 employees.

WHEN A DOSE OF VINEGAR BITTERS is taken into the stomach, all diseases of the blood, liver, heart, kidneys, stomach, and body generally, begin to pack up, preparatory to leaving the system. And it doesn't take them long to pack, either. Like the guests that Mrs. Macbeth dispersed, they "stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once."

There are more colleges in Ohio than in France and Germany combined.

Wrecks of Humanity, who have wasted their many vigor and powers by youthful follies, inducing nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will power, weak back and kindred weaknesses, should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving unfailing means of cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THERE is a mule in Tennessee that is seven feet high and weighs 1,800.

A Poor, Weak Sister, who is suffering from ailments peculiar to her sex, dreading to go to a physician, but knowing the needs medical help will find in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite prescription," a preparation which will give her strength and new life through the restoration of all her organs to their natural vigor and health. It is the result of many years of study and practice by a thoroughly scientific physician, who has made these troubles a specialty. To be had of all druggists.

GRENOBLE, France, is the greatest glove making city in the world.

To break up colds and fevers, use early Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

In the Connecticut valley tobacco yields 1,400 pounds to the acre.

#### Fossil Forests.

The most celebrated of the fossil forests of which we have any record are those of Egypt near Cairo, of Nubia, of Silesia, and of the island of Antigua in the West Indies. Other accumulations of silicified wood are known to occur in Chili, New Zealand and Abyssinia.

It is also true that in the interior of our own continent, in Oregon, Nevada and Arizona, as great and remarkable collections of silicified tree trunks exist as any found in other parts of the world. On the banks of the Little Colorado, in Arizona not less than one thousand cords of silicified wood may be seen piled up in one locality. Here we find trunks of all sizes up to six feet in diameter, most perfectly and beautifully preserved. In the drift deposits of Southern Ohio is found an old soil in many places thickly strewn with interlaced prostrate trunks of trees which grew upon it; and in a few cases these are found buried erect. This old forest was plainly submerged

by the sinking of land surface or the elevation of the water level over it, resulting in its burial beneath many feet of gravel and sand. As hundreds of cases, considered hopeless, have been permanently cured by Piso's Cure. If you have pemonitory symptoms of consumption, such as a cough, difficulty of breathing, etc., don't delay, but use Piso's Cure immediately, yet the trees are not mineralized, and have the appearance of partially decayed wood; but if the subsidence had been occasioned by volcanic action, and hot water had been poured out freely, we should undoubtedly have found the trees silicified as we do at the Cascades of the Columbia, where a volcanic outburst at a much later date buried quantities of trees and changed them to masses of silica.

Lyen's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated EXTRACT of Calisaya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, has no equal.

They cure Lame Back, Stitches, Pleurisy, Kidney Affections, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism and strengthen weak parts. Testimony of thousands. Ask for a Free Pious Plaster, 2c.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

An Undoubted Blessing, About thirty years ago a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAK FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a



### Succession of Crops.

## Farm and Garden Notes

Burn all old rubbish, prunings, etc.  
about the garden, vineyard and berry

## Household Recipes and Hints.

### A Queer Memento.

### A Dream.

—George E. Quinn, in *Boston Globe*.

ALEX. SWEET WRITES AN OPEN  
LETTER TO GEORGE W. PECK.

The latest abbreviation crank hail from Illinois. He registered at the

—Chicago Mail.

## WISE WORDS

tanning agent to take the place satisfactorily of the costly hemlock bark has long been a desideratum, notwithstanding

## A New Tanning Agent

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OF SALE OF  
**REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.**  
The owners of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years eighteen hundred and eighty-four and five, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid; and said parcels of real estate will be offered at public auction for sale, at the office of the Selectmen, Town Hall, Lexington, on **Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1886,** at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.  
**MRS. JANE M. BRUCE.**  
Tax for 1884, \$20.67  
Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, containing fourteen acres, more or less, situated on Concord Avenue, bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by land of C. M. Parker; northerly by land now or late of Whitney Brothers; westerly by land of heirs of Charles Brown; southerly by said Concord Avenue, or however otherwise bounded.  
**MRS. JANE M. BRUCE.**  
Tax for 1884, \$4.24  
Parcel of land containing eight acres, more or less, situated on Concord Avenue, bounded as follows:—Westerly by town line and Town of Lincoln; southerly by a private way; easterly by land of A. N. Tuttle; northerly by said Concord Avenue, or however otherwise bounded.  
**CHARLES T. WEST,**  
Collector of Taxes.

**TO LET, HOUSE** on Bedford street, Lexington, to be let, in good repair.  
5w GERSHOM SWAN.  
**PARTIES**  
Either small social parties, or dancing parties, or sleighing parties in the season.  
Entertained at the  
**Russell House, Lexington.**  
In the most acceptable manner. This house is noted for the excellence of its table.  
**JAMES F. RUSSELL, Proprietor.**  
P. O. Box 46, Lexington. 8oct

**Millinery at Reduced Prices**  
AT THE  
**LEXINGTON**  
**MILLINERY STORE**  
**Fancy Goods**  
In Great Variety, at the Lowest Boston Prices.  
An experienced Milliner in attendance at all times.  
Mrs. C. M. MEADVILLE,  
Mrs. S. BULLOCK.

**Chicago and Alton R. R.**  
**The Through Freight and Passenger Route**  
**And Short Line to**  
Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, etc. Colorado and California, business a specialty. For rates and full information, apply to  
**H. G. LOCKE, N. E. Agent,**  
197 Washington Street, Boston.

**Lessons in Oil Painting.**  
**MISS FLORENCE I. WEBBER** receives pupils in Marine and Landscape Painting at the residence of MISS GOULD, 3 ELM AVENUE, LEXINGTON, Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
13nov11

**VETERINARY SURGEON.**  
**HARRY L. ALDERMAN,**  
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City,  
Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital,  
**EAST LEXINGTON.**  
TELEPHONE 6380. POST OFFICE BOX 1.  
10oct11

**C. P. WEBSTER,**  
**PLUMBER**  
and Sanitary Engineer,  
Shop under L. A. Saville's Store,  
Lexington.  
Jobbing promptly attended to.

**FRESH OYSTERS**  
—AT—  
**JACKSON'S MARKET.**  
In addition to my stock of  
**Meats, Provisions, etc.**  
I will supply customers with FRESH OYSTERS direct from Boston market.  
Every thing in the store is meant to be first-class in every way, at fair prices.  
16oct6m GEO. H. JACKSON.

**\$25.00 REWARD.**  
The Lexington Water Company hereby offers a Reward of Twenty-five Dollars to be promptly paid to the party or parties giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one defacing any of the buildings or injuring or destroying any of the property belonging to said company within the town of Lexington.  
LEXINGTON WATER CO.  
Lexington, Dec. 1, 1885.  
**J. H. INGALLS,**  
**Teacher of Piano and Violin and PIANO TUNER,**  
RESIDENCE: BLOOMFIELD STREET, Lexington, Mass. Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired.

Died, Thursday morning, Jan. 16, inst. FRANCIS WYMAN, aged 96 years, 9 mo's.  
The end of this long life, covering almost a century, was especially peaceful and pleasant. On Wednesday, Mr. Wyman had remained in bed during the day, suffering no pain but content to rest and sleep. Late in the afternoon he dressed and came down stairs appearing unusually bright and cheerful, ate his supper and seemed to enjoy it as much as he had ever done, and retired about 8 o'clock in the evening, in the best of spirits. He soon fell asleep quietly, and so far as we can tell passed away without awaking. About midnight his wife came to look at him before retiring, when she noticed a change in his countenance, his face seeming a little paler than usual, but he was still warm and his heart was beating, though but feebly. She became alarmed and ran to call a neighbor, and on returning ten or fifteen minutes later found that the spirit had fled and that his manly form was still in death. It was a happy and beautiful close to a long, happy and beautiful life. Mr. Wyman was born in North Lexington, April 11, 1789, a few days before Washington was inaugurated as the first president of the United States. He had always lived in the town and hardly passed a day or night in any other place. He was a man of sterling integrity, respected and honored by the whole community, one of the earliest advocates of the anti-slavery and temperance reforms. Independent in his opinions, pure in his habits, and firm in his moral principles. A kind neighbor, a good citizen, a man who loved righteousness and hated every form of iniquity. His funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, at his late home, when the pastors of the of the Orthodox and Unitarian churches united in a fitting service in memory of one whose walk and conversation had been blameless. Well may we all exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

**Results of Local Reporter's Work**  
IN LEXINGTON.  
—This evening (Friday) the amusement committee of the Unity club will present their entertainment.

—There is to be a circuit meeting at East Lexington, Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, and an address by Rev. Mr. Staples.

—Rev. Dr. Hamlin delivers his lecture on the Eastern question, at the Congregational church, West Medford, on Monday next.

—Monday evening the proprietor of the Russell House entertained 250 guests, and on Wednesday evening parties numbering 150 people.

—Mr. Simonds, the overseer of the highways, had the snow plow for that purpose run through the gutters preparatory to the storm of Tuesday.

—The Young Peoples' Missionary Circle connected with the Baptist church will hold their regular monthly meeting on Monday at the residence of Dr. Raymond.

—The boy who stole from Mr. Jackson was taken to Concord on Wednesday to see what should be done with him. In view of his extreme youth the case was only placed on file.

—A horse belonging to Mr. Tuttle overturned the sleigh and broke a shaft on Monday morning, the past week while being watered at the trough in the centre.

—The fine moonlight nights the past week have been improved and enjoyed with the sports of the season, sleigh-riding, coasting and skating.

—Next Monday evening will be given the second lecture in the Unity course at the First Parish church. The lectures is to be by Rev. James K. Applebee, which is a guarantee of an entertaining lecture.

—Rev. Mr. Staple's lectures on Christian history, on Sunday evenings, at his church, are very interesting and most instructive in a secular as well as a religious sense.

—Mr. George Jackson, of the Lexington meat market, has a fine, new, covered pung, and now his long rides are not as disagreeable and cold as they used to be with his old open pung.

—A party of young people had a sleigh ride in Mr. Walcott's barge, Lexington, on Monday evening. After a ride down through Arlington and around the colleges at Harvard Square, Cambridge, the party returned through Waltham.

—Special religious meetings of much interest have been held at the Hancock church, almost every evening since the week of prayer. This week, on Monday, was the adjourned annual meeting, but with the exception of Saturday, every evening there have been religious services that have been well attended.

—To-night (Friday) the Common Council of Cambridge dines at the Russell House. The dinner to be served is to be in the highest style of the art.

—A week ago Thursday evening a young man from Winchester was arrested for stealing confectionary from the store of C. C. Mann. On paying the costs of the same the man was discharged.

—The water supply of the public troughs has not yet been obliged to be shut off on account of the severe weather.

—The Commissioners of Public Highways, will inspect the Bedford road, in Bedford to-day, in view of building a short stretch of road that will shorten and improve the present one.

—The usual meeting of the Selectmen for transaction of business occurred yesterday afternoon. We learn of no special business transacted.

—The schools have been undergoing their annual public examinations the past week.

—The ice cutting season was inaugurated Saturday last by Mr. Litchfield. He has commenced cutting ice from Simonds' Pond, in the north part of the town.

—On Tuesday, David Robinson, of Bedford, was taken to Concord, on a warrant to Mr. Worth accusing him of assault and battery on Albert Flanders, of this town, on the evening of Dec. 22. He was found guilty and fined \$10.00 and costs.

—In writing of the new time of closing of our stores, a mistake was made. The facts are just reverse of what was written. The following we believe is correct:—Close on Thursday evenings at six o'clock; on every other evening of the week at eight o'clock, excepting Saturday, when they will not be closed, till late.

—The Russell House has had a large number of parties during this sleighing season. A few evenings ago the District Attorney Stevens, of Stoneham, and party was present and gave glowing accounts of the pleasures of this popular house.

—A short time ago Mr. Jackson, wishing to forward a sum of \$14.50 to his father, in Bedford, asked Mr. Glenn to hand it to any person who should pass the store, belonging in that place. Mr. Glenn handed the sum to Mr. Chase, of Bedford, and it happened the same day Mr. Jackson had an opportunity and forwarded the sum. It was found on enquiry that only the money sent by Mr. Jackson had reached its destination, and on Mr. Chase's being requested to hand over the money intrusted to him, refused, denying the whole transaction. The case was taken before Judge Keyes, of Concord, on Wednesday, but by request of Chase's lawyer the case was continued for one week.

—There was an adjourned meeting of the society of Hancock church on Monday evening and there was a good number in attendance. The prominent subject for the evenings was the propriety of taking steps for the erection of a new church edifice, at some future date and the meeting was a most enthusiastic one and the project seemed to be unanimously endorsed. Nothing definite was of course arrived at, as this was simply an initiatory step, but a committee was chosen to arrange preliminaries for the proposed project, composed of Messrs. Goodwin, Berry, Bliss, Mills, Merriam and the pastor. The society is warranted most decidedly in taking this step for improved church facilities as they are rapidly outgrowing their present quarters and now would seem the proper time to inaugurate plans for a substantial and more commodious church home. The society has done well and we wish them all success.

## EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

It is rarely that our Main streets presents such a lively appearance as they did Monday night. The good sleighing, brightness of the moon and mildness of the air, made it very enjoyable to the jolly sleigh-riders. The pouring rain-storm of Tuesday showed that it is best not to put off, even a sleigh ride, until to-morrow.

Last Thursday evening, Jan. 14th, a party of gentlemen and ladies from Chelsea came in a large sleigh to our Village Hall. They brought music and refreshments with them and passed a pleasant evening, whirling through the mazes of the dance.

Have you visited, these wintry days, Mr. Wood's greenhouse? The week previous to the snow-storm, Mr. Woods cut eight hundred English violets and most of them were larger than a silver twenty-five cent piece, which is not often the case with these flowers. On Monday, of this week, he carried five

hundred violets to Boston. His carnations, roses and hyacinths are in bloom and scent the air with their perfume. We heartily endorse the sentiment expressed a few days since that there is nothing more refining to a village than a conservatory filled with flowers.

Part of the house occupied by our florist is to let and is a desirable tenement for a small family, being near stores, schools and church.

Mr. Peckham is away on a business trip, and may visit his daughter, at Atlanta, Ga., who finds her time more than occupied with instructing the negroes. The cold has been felt there, most sensibly.

The friends of Mr. Aldermen hope he will soon recover from his recent injury received from a horse.

Mr. Richardson, who has recently purchased the Adams estate, on Middle street, has had a large quantity of lumber brought there and will soon erect a commodious barn.

Remember the circuit meeting at the Follen church, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. The subject is "How to build." Revs. C. A. Staples, J. P. Forbes, of Arlington, C. C. Hussey, of Billerica, Mr. Piper, of Bedford, and Mr. Marsh, of Winchester, will speak on the different subdivisions of the subject. All are cordially invited.

Our sewing circle is making preparations for a fair to be held in the future. Next Wednesday afternoon the members will meet at the Village Hall, to hold a "quilting bee" and each lady will invite a gentleman to tea.

The examinations of our schools commenced to-day. We understand the public examinations will occur in the Summer instead of the Winter, though our schools are always open for visitors.

The dancing school was to have closed last week, but by additional pay the teacher was willing to continue the lessons and notices are already posted for the closing Assembly.

The question is often asked why the East Lexington parties are always so successful, financially, when in many places they prove otherwise. We know of no other reason, than because the committee is composed of ladies, and they never dream of a failure. The hall was beautifully adorned with the national flags and bunting. The lady managers wore aprons with red, white and blue ribbon and bows of the same combination, while the floor managers, who are gentlemen, had rosettes of the national colors, and they were seen in various devices on the dances from the top of the head to the top of the foot. All danced with a peculiar zest, as they were inspired by the patriotic atmosphere and the party proved a success in every respect.

Rev. Mr. Branigan preached from Judges 18: 7, 27 and 28 verses. He said the account of the destruction and overthrow of Laish was full of interest and instruction. It was a large and pleasant land and they thought it would be an easy matter to have a conquest there. He made a personal application of the text and said our first danger was of leading Laish lives and we should constantly be on our guard against the sin of carelessness, and watchfulness is the key of success. When conscience is wanting, the soul is exposed to ruin. The people of Laish were leading sinful lives and there are scores of men and women to-day, who are living devoid of conscience. If there is no magistrate in your soul, pray God that your once tender conscience may return. Another danger arises from selfishness, for man was not made to lead an isolated life and the life of self-sacrifice is like the rivulet, while the selfish life is like the city of Laish. Many of us are in the valley of Laish and living low lives, content to abide down in the valley while the mountains of high and noble deeds, lie all around us, and we make no effort to reach them.

## 1886. OUR OFFER. 1886.

By a special arrangement with the publishers of that elegant line steel engraving, "LONGFELLOW IN HIS LIBRARY," we are able to offer special inducements for subscribers to our publications. We will send either of the three from now until Jan. 1, 1887, and a PERFECT COPY of the above engraving as follows:—

Engraving and Advocate to Jan. 1, 87,	\$2.50
" " Minute-man " " "	2.50
" " Village Gazette " " "	1.75

The picture is an elegant affair, the first proofs of which were sold for \$50.00 each, and plain copies retail today for \$7.50 each, showing it to be a picture worthy a place in every home. Any Arlington or Lexington boy, or girl, who will bring us five dollars for two subscribers, or any West Medford boy or girl sending the price of three subscribers, will receive a picture for themselves, besides the papers and pictures for those whose names they have secured. This offer applies to old subscribers who wish to renew at this time.